

# B'nai B'rith Magazine

Volume XL, No. 11

AUGUST, 1926



## *The Crimean Pilgrimage*

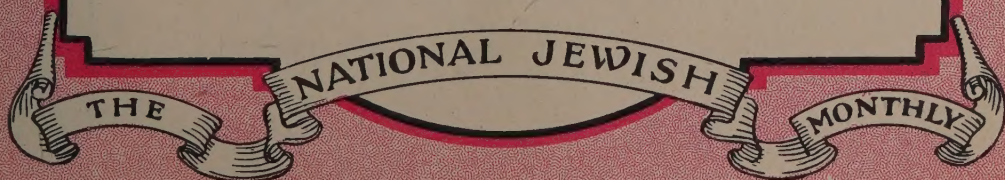
*By James Wendroff*

## *Homecoming*

*By I. Dov Berkowitz*

## *Art's Conquest of the Mediterranean*

*By David Shore*

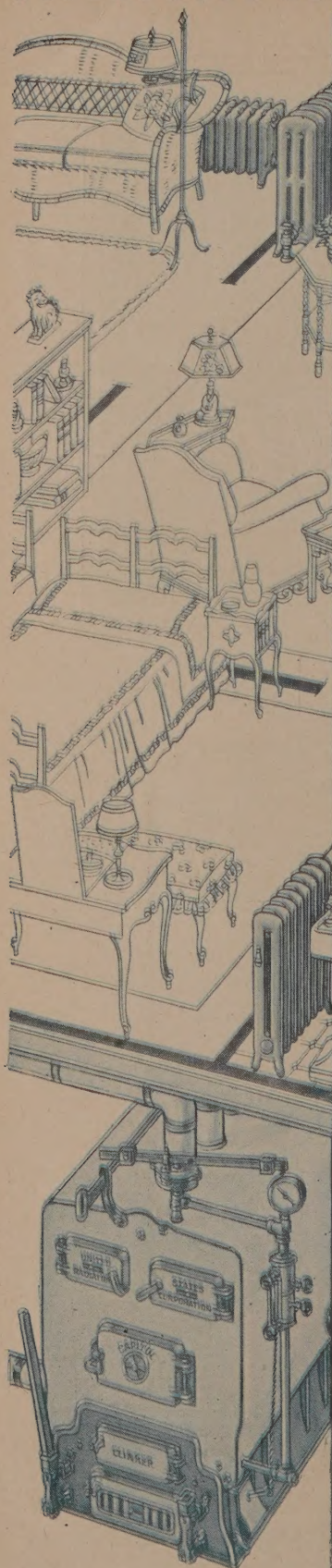


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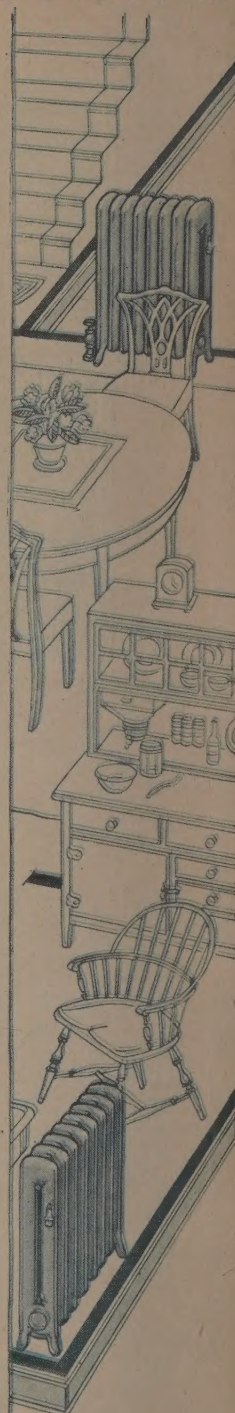
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bringing about that greater harmony which does not distinguish between race or religion. Our advertisers help bring about this greater harmony by advertising in the magazine. They deserve and we feel certain they will receive your support.

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## Contributors

DAVID SHORE is a prominent Russian musical artist and under the old regime was the instructor for the ruling family. He later found favor in the eyes of the Kerensky government and also of the Soviet.

His standing with the Russian governments enabled him to act as an intermediary for his people.

He now is permanently in Palestine, giving all of his time to the development of a national Palestinian music.

I. DOV BERKOWITZ was only 18 years old when his articles and stories began to make their appearance in the public prints of Russia, his native land. He now is 40 and to his record stands a prolific literary production which has been translated in a number of languages. His media are Hebrew, Yiddish and Russian.

Since 1914 he has lived in New York and is supervising the publication and distribution of Sholom Aleichem's collected works, besides working on a biography of this noted Yiddish author who was his father-in-law.

J. WENDROFF is a member of the Correspondence Staff in Moscow and a contributor to American journals, as well as the special correspondent at Moscow for the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. He has written of Russian affairs with a courageous pen that has won for him the respect of all groups.

YOSSEF GAER was born twenty-eight years ago in a little town similar to the Yanovke of his novel. He is a free-lance journalist and poet, one of the editors of *Four*, an experimental poetry magazine.

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE will complete volume XL. There will be only a limited number of bound volumes available. Price for volume, one dollar. Subscribers desiring to obtain a bound volume will oblige the management by sending in their order at their earliest convenience.

THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE goes to members of the order for the nominal sum of fifty cents a year. Non-members pay one dollar a year. Although the magazine is the official organ of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, subscription to it is not compulsory. Members who do not desire to receive their magazine may relieve themselves of further subscription payments by sending a statement to that effect on their stationery to the editorial office.

## In Our Portfolio

IN OUR PORTFOLIO in which we keep articles, sketches and stories designed for publication in the near future, we find a portrait sketch, "An Old Man," by Max Robin.

"He stands before me, tall, gray, head thrust forward and shoulders stooped. He is a stranger, whom I see here for the first time; and I wonder who he is, how he has lived and whence he has come."

These are the first lines of Mr. Robin's sketch.

A hot night on the East Side.

"A flaming heat. A gray dusty flaming heat. The sweat of many bodies. Big bodies, little bodies. Sweat . . . sweat . . . sweat . . . Sweat of agony, sweat of grief . . . sweat of fish, meat, gas-water."

Such is the heat of a hot night in the East Side as described in another sketch by Robin entitled "Heat," which we are soon to publish.

WHAT THE ARCHAEOLOGIST is discovering in Palestine is described in an article by Don Glassman under the title, "Where Deborah Chanted." Deborah chanted on a mound at Megiddo and there an archaeological expedition from the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago has constructed a permanent encampment and has begun excavations on the historic mound.

THE STORY OF JEWRY in America on the eve of the American

Revolution is related in an illustrated exhibit of American-Jewish history at the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, which is described in an article by Rabbi Leon Spitz. He reveals much of the early history of the American Jew that is generally unknown.

"THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE JEW" to life insurance is the subject of an interesting article soon to be published in this magazine. Several Jews, notably Dr. Lee K. Frankel, are outstanding in the insurance business.

An article entitled "European Affairs," by Henry G. Alsberg, will appear in the September issue.

THE SEPTEMBER (Rosh Hashonah) number will contain a review of Jewish progress during the past year.

## Jewish Calendar 5686

1926

Rosh Chodesh Shebat.....	Sat., Jan. 16
*Rosh Chodesh Adar.....	Mon., Feb. 15
Fast of Esther.....	Sat., Feb. 27
Purim .....	Sun., Feb. 28
Rosh Chodesh Nisan.....	Tues., Mar. 16
First Day of Pesach.....	Tues., Mar. 30
Seventh Day of Pesach.....	Mon., Apr. 5
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar.....	Thurs., Apr. 15
Lag b'Omer.....	Sun., May 2
Rosh Chodesh Sivan.....	Fri., May 14
Shabuoth .....	Thurs., May 20
*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz.....	Sun., June 13
Fast of Tammuz.....	Tues., June 29
Rosh Chodesh Ab.....	Mon., July 12
Fast of Ab.....	Tues., July 20
*Rosh Chodesh Elul.....	Tues., Aug. 10
5687	
Rosh Hashonah.....	Thurs., Sept. 9
.....	Fri., Sept. 10
Fast of Gedalia.....	Sun., Sept. 12
Yom Kippur.....	Sat., Sept. 18
Succoth .....	Thurs., Sept. 23
.....	Fri., Sept. 24
Simchath Torah.....	Fri., Oct. 1
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan.....	Fri., Oct. 8
*Rosh Chodesh Kislev.....	Sun., Nov. 7
First Day of Chanukah.....	Wed., Dec. 1
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth.....	Mon., Dec. 6
Fast of Tebeth.....	Wed., Dec. 16

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

\*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.





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# THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

*The National Jewish Monthly*

VOLUME XL

AUGUST, 1926

NUMBER 11

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Articles bearing the names or initials of the writers thereof do not necessarily express the views of the editors of the B'nai B'rith Magazine on the subjects treated therein.

## *The Question of the Two Jews*

**F**IRST Jew: Our sons are losing the spirit of our faith.

Second Jew: They are losing interest in Jewish life.

First Jew: Until the age of 16 or 17 they are touched by Jewish life because they are in our hands.

Second Jew: Then they go into the world and they are like lost children.

First Jew: Wanderers, lost from Jewish life.

Second Jew: What can be done?

First Jew: What can be done?

\* \* \*

Something of an answer to their question was given last month at St. Paul, Minn.

In that city there assembled several hundred young Jewish men—most of them under 20. They met as Jews for a Jewish purpose. Their discussions had to

do with Judaism and with Jewish life. These were American-born boys, vitally interested in the things of every day life—baseball, basketball and football—but attached also, consciously and affectionately, to Jewish life.

\* \* \*

They were attending a convention of the A. Z. A. fraternity—the junior B'nai B'rith. This is not a college fraternity, hence its members are not held together by college spirit. They are boys from stores, offices and shops attracted to each other by the Jewish spirit, by their common attachment to Jewish life.

The fraternity has bridged for them that period of life in which the boy leaves his father's hands and goes into the world, leaving the Jewish life behind. These boys have taken Jewish life along.

Thru the fraternity they have remained attached to Judaism, not in a passive, indifferent way, but actively, playing a speaking, vital part.

In the fraternity they learn the answers to these questions:

What is a Jew?

What is Judaism?

What are the duties of a Jew?

The fraternity trains for Jewish leadership; the boy learns to be a spokesman for Jewry, a strong champion of his cause because he knows its history and its mission. At the age of 21 he graduates from A. Z. A. into the parent body, B'nai B'rith, a conscious, active Jew and a leader of Jews. In the critical period in which youth drifts from Judaism he has been held fast to Jewish life thru the agency of the junior B'nai B'rith.

\* \* \*

The St. Paul convention of Jewish youth was an unheating spectacle to all who are concerned with the future of Judaism in America.

The first of the two Jews whom we presented in the first paragraph, might say: "Perhaps in this organization is the germ of American Jewish life of the future."

Second Jew: It seems to answer our question, "What can be done?"

It does answer the question. B'nai B'rith's A. Z. A. serves the Jewish lad who has gone out into the world, just as B'nai B'rith's Hillel Foundation serves the Jewish lad in college.

Both serve to hold youth to the Jewish moorings in the dangerous years when the tendency is to drift. Both prepare Jews for Jewish leadership. Both are effective instruments in B'nai B'rith's campaign for education needed in Jewish life.



### **Why Do Not Brothers Live in Peace?**

**B**EHOLD the generals quarrel! What shall the soldiers do?

The generals of the United Jewish Campaign and of the Palestine Appeal have paused in the midst of their good work to engage in embittered controversy. Their quarrel revolves around the issue, Russian colonization vs. Palestine development. Healthy disagreement is sometimes good and even desirable in movements of public nature, but recrimination is not.

The B'nai B'rith indorsed both the United Jewish Campaign and the Palestine Appeal, believing that both are great and good causes. It still so believes, despite the deplorable developments of the past month.

There may be an issue, Russian colonization vs. Palestine development, but certainly there must be no issue that involves the motives of the leaders of the respective movements.

To members of our Order who may be tempted to take one side or the other of this controversy, this magazine commends the practice of tolerance that is so becoming in men walking together toward the common goal of creating a better existence for our unfortunate fellow-Jews.

### **A Man, His Bread and His Judaism**

**"N**OW," said missionaries in Poland, "the Jews hunger. Because they are Jews they are boycotted and can get no employment. We will go to them and convert them. They will rejoice to be converted, seeing how hard it is to be a Jew."

So these missionaries went to the town of Plotzk and in the public square addressed the Jews.

"Come to us," they said. "Behold the ease of the Christian. He suffers nothing of the bitterness of your lives. Join us and you, too, will share in the comfort of the Christian life."

The missionaries were astounded when the Jews refused to exchange their hunger and bitterness for the ease of life that they offered them. The Jews even protested; to ask them to change their religion for bread was an insult, they said. The police were called.

Beautiful is the devotion of the Jew in adversity; the great prophet of Jewry will be one who can inspire the devotion of the Jew in prosperity.

### **About the Laying of a Corner-stone**

**T**HOUGHTS upon seeing the corner-stone for a synagogue laid:

Here is a continuation of ancient history. Here the Jew builds his synagogue with the altar toward Jerusalem, as his fathers did before him thru countless generations. Here he lays a new foundation for his faith.

A strong foundation to last thru the centuries, and upon it shall arise a structure more noble than any synagogue in the city. The Jew stands before this corner-stone, his eyes aglow with the ideal of Judaism carrying on long after he has passed.

But who will inherit this synagogue from him? Do his sons share the idealism that causes their father's eyes to glow as he stands before this corner-stone? They are not there this afternoon; other interests call them elsewhere.

Who will cherish this house, built for the centuries, after these old and middle-aged men who are laying the corner-stone have passed to their reward?

### **An Act of Mercy is Postponed**

**C**ONGRESS has adjourned without passing the measure of relief that would have enabled immigrants to be reunited with their families from whom they are separated by the quota law.

No measure more important was before Congress; it had to do with the fine virtues which long were regarded as America's chief merits—gentle regard for the weak and helpless; a friendliness for the stranger within the gates; justice.

So thousands of men, declarants for American citizenship, must wait another year before they can obtain the simple meed of justice that will enable them to be reunited with their families from whom many of them long have been separated.

There is much talk of Americanization which, in many cases, consists of nothing more than learning by rote certain passages from the Constitution. What better can be done to Americanize these men than to establish their families here, thus conferring upon them the responsibility of making good homes, than which there can be no more American function.

Happily, the bill providing for the registration of immigrants was not passed either.

### **"Wherein Have We Been Blessed?"**

**O**N July 4, the occasion of the 150th anniversary of American liberty, the Union of Polish Rabbis sent to America the blessing that was given by God to Abraham: "And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing."

It is a blessing given in the beginning for the Jews; it might have been a blessing for America given at Plymouth Rock.

"Wherein have we been blessed?" asked a pupil of a rabbi. "We were told we would be a great people but we are despised."

The rabbi answered: "The pomp and power of all our oppressors have vanished. They had armies and chariots and great riches and all the things that are regarded as the materials for greatness, but their might perished. We who were weak and despised, survive to this day. Who, then, is great: He who lives by the might of things or he who lives by the might of the spirit? Have we not been blessed with greatness?"

"But," argued the pupil, "we were told we would be a blessing but nobody wants us and we have been driven from land to land."

The rabbi answered: "We have been a blessing to those who have welcomed us and permitted us to live in peace and to share the goodness of the land and to give of our talents to the welfare of their nations and to join with them in their works."

### **The Parable of the Mule and the Klan**

**I**T is related that once an obstreperous mule lay dying. Several times it seemed that an end had come to its existence, but each time one of the villagers kicked it, whereupon it again showed signs of life.



Its legs kicked this way and that, striking at the villagers and injuring several of them.

The wise villagers at length decided it was folly to keep on kicking the mule back into life and so they left the animal to die a peaceful death, which he did shortly.

This legend reminds us of the klan which is all but dead and owes its occasional signs of life to those who kick it. The surviving financiers of the klan must rejoice at each kick the klan gets these days, for thus alone are they enabled to obtain the public notice by which alone they live.

The mule should be left to die.

### ***The Story of Kusel and Solomon Behr***

KUSEL and Solomon Behr, brothers, were born in the town of Shadov in Lithuania. In their youth they emigrated to England and there they prospered, becoming merchants as well as loyal Britishers.

Among their loves was the town of their birth, Shadov. It seems this love had much to do with the memory of their parents which they venerated. There the parents were buried and the love of Kusel and Solomon was divided between London and Shadov.

When Kusel died recently it was found that his will provided that all his estate was to go to the town of his birth. And so to Shadov journeyed Solomon, the brother, with a large sum of money to distribute. Solomon went about learning the needs of the poor of Shadov and to every charity—non-Jewish as well as Jewish—he gave according to its needs. There were old people in Shadov, friends of his parents, who were in need; to them he gave also.

The youth of Shadov were without training for livelihood. Solomon determined that an artisans' school must be built and for that purpose he gave a large sum.

Thus, Kusel dead and Solomon living, returned with hands overflowing with gifts to the land that once had given them scant welcome.

### ***Concerning the Suicide of a Jewess***

A SENSATION has been caused in London by the suicide of a Jewish woman. The coroner made special comment upon it, saying, "This is the first act of this kind among the Jews of London in the last 25 years."

The coroner went into history to show that until the time of the dispersion there were only ten recorded cases of suicide among Jews in Palestine. The Old and New Testaments report only four cases.

Bitter as life was, the Jew held fast to it. It was a gift and could not be cast aside. Not only his own life was a sacred trust but also the lives of other men, and the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" has been answered with an affirmative by Jews in all the ages.

Even in the great centers of Jewish population, environed by the pressure of modern social and economic problems, suicide among Jews is rare, and murder even more rare. Regarded as a most sensitive nervous organism, the Jew, nevertheless, has resisted the crushing hardness of life and seldom has sought escape by self-extinction.

An exception to the rule was seen last year in Berlin, where the increasing number of suicides among

Jews caused the B'nai B'rith of that city to take oath "to withstand courageously the sacrifices, the needs and the persecutions which they must undergo."

There was exemplified the historic courage of the Jew. To live; to stand with high head in the presence of suffering and persecution; to carry on, undaunted!

### ***An Honest Argument for the Quota***

CONGRESSMAN HOLADAY, a member of the Immigration Committee, says the immigration quota law is beneficial to the American Jew. He argues that if large numbers of alien Jews came into this country, there might arise those prejudices that come from "fear on the part of Americans that American institutions and American ideals are endangered by the presence of a great unassimilated mass of an alien group."

For that reason, he says, the quota law is a good thing for the American Jew; it protects him from the anti-Semitic prejudices that might be stirred among the unthinking by the presence of large numbers of his alien co-religionists.

This is a more honest argument for immigration restriction than the Nordic myth which is the basis of the quota law and which seeks to set up one group of the white race as better than another and discriminates in favor of the blonde European.

### ***For Enlightenment of Jewish Press***

THE Jewish press has received in a friendly way the announcement of the \$2,000,000 B'nai B'rith campaign for general Jewish purposes, but here and there are editors who may need further enlightenment.

The Anti-Defamation League has successfully combatted defamation of the Jew in America. The newspaper now is rare that calls attention to the Jewish origin of an accused malefactor. The stage generally is free of slanderous caricatures of the Jew.

The new work of the Anti-Defamation League has to do with a campaign not only to create better understanding between the Jew and his neighbor, but also to educate the Jew to understand himself. The thought is to make every Jew a champion of Jewry, who understands himself and the meaning of Judaism and its mission, and who can make himself understood by his neighbors.

This is to be a service by B'nai B'rith for all Jewry and is only one number in the extensive cultural program that B'nai B'rith is about to launch, not in behalf of B'nai B'rith but for the Jewish community of America.

### ***Upon the Passing of a Great Jew***

AS we go to press, cable dispatches announce the death of a "dreamer of the ghetto"—Israel Zangwill. He was a Jew who became great among the artists of the world, but never was less the Jew.

From his eminence in the world, he spoke for justice for the Jew and with voice and pen endeavored to make the Jew understood by all men. Honored everywhere as an outstanding man of letters, he did not go unheard as spokesman for the Jew, so that he was one of the most effective voices of Jewry.

In the next issue we shall speak at greater length concerning Zangwill.



# A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

## Religion



THE creation of a World Union of Progressive Judaism was decided upon at the International Conference of Liberal Jews, held in London, July 10th to 13th. The purpose of the Union will be to develop Jewish Liberalism and to encourage the formation of progressive Jewish religious organizations in various countries.

A new Judaism, differing both from Reform and Orthodox Judaism, will arise in America, Dr. Julian Morgenstern, president of the Hebrew Union College, predicted at the Conference.

"As a result of the gradual convergence of the Orthodox and Reform groups in American Jewry, and of the formulation of a program of internal growth and spiritual enlargement on the part of Reform Judaism, a new Judaism promises to be born in America," Dr. Morgenstern said.

The question of the attitude of Liberal Judaism toward Zionism threatened to disrupt the Conference. Dr. Stephen S. Wise demanded that the Conference take a definite stand on Zionism. The Conference finally took a neutral attitude after the chairman, Rabbi Israel Mattuck, stated that the question of Zionism should be left for every Liberal Jew to answer for himself.

\* \* \*

THE Rabbinical Assembly of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, in convention at Long Branch, N. J., early last month, adopted a resolution providing that the Assembly take "vigorous steps to disseminate the conception that devotion to study is a vital part of our religion." Another resolution provided for the furtherance of religious training in Palestine.

The Assembly went on record as opposing military training in the public schools. Rabbi Max Drob, who was re-elected president, urged the creation of a pension fund for aged rabbis.

RELIGIOUS services are being held on board many trans-Atlantic liners this summer as a result of arrangements made by the Department of Synagogue and School Extension of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

\* \* \*

WHAT is announced as "the first official conference of church and synagogue" was held at Olivet College, Olivet, Mich., from August 8th to 15th.

Racial, international, economic and domestic problems were discussed. Speakers were Rabbi Gerson Levi, of Chicago; Rabbi Ephraim Frisch, of San Antonio; Rabbi Abraham Cronbach, Cincinnati; Bruce Bliven, New York; Rev. Samuel Guy Inman and Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr.

The conference was arranged by the Central Conference of American Rabbis, the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order, the Committee on Good Will between Jews and Christians of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, and the Midwest Council for Social Discussion.

\* \* \*

A CODE of ethics governing the relationship between rabbi and rabbi and between rabbi and congregation, was adopted at the recent convention of the Central Conference of American Rabbis in Asheville, N. C.

A committee was appointed to investigate the possibilities of establishing a Reform congregation in Palestine. Inauguration of week-day religious schools in connection with Reform congregations was urged.

## Foreign



AT the opening of the trial in Paris of Sholom Schwartzbard, slayer of Petlura, the Ukrainian pogrom leader, it was testified that Petlura organized the massacres in which 50,000 Jews were killed. Dr. S. Goldstein, a Petrograd attorney, the witness, stated that he saw Ukrainian soldiers carrying Jewish children on the points of their bayonets.

Upon his appearance in the courtroom, Schwartzbard, who said he killed Petlura to avenge his people, was cheered by spectators.

Mrs. Schwartzbard was attacked and beaten at the trial by Petlura's widow.

\* \* \*

SEVERAL hundred poor Jewish families will be left homeless, it is said, by the demolishing of the ghetto in Rome which has been proposed as part of a plan of beautifying the Italian capital.

\* \* \*

RECLAMATION of the Marranos, the "secret" Jews of Portugal, was planned at a joint meeting of the Spanish-Portuguese Congregation of London and the Anglo-Jewish Association, held in London last month. A budget of \$50,000 to restore the victims of the Inquisition to Judaism was adopted.

\* \* \*

A BILL calling for the confiscation of property of East-European Jews residing in Germany has been introduced in the Reichstag by the anti-Semitic faction of the Nationalists. The bill was proposed once before but was rejected by the Reichstag.

\* \* \*

A BILL prohibiting the Jewish method of slaughtering animals for food has been passed by the Bavarian parliament, and will become a law unless it is vetoed by the Berlin government.

The action of the parliament is the result of a long campaign conducted by the Munich Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Bavarian anti-Semites.

\* \* \*

TEN former police officers under the Czarist regime, have been placed on trial in Polotzk for having taken part in a pogrom in that city in 1904.

\* \* \*

"I THINK that American Zionists are not yet ripe for the great role which has fallen upon them in the Zionist movement," said Chaim Nachman Bialik, Hebrew poet, upon his departure for Europe. "Their conception is still too small. They still think of their giving for Zionism as sort of a charity. The reconstruction of Palestine is being considered here as an act of charity for the suffering brethren in Eastern Europe."



HOPE for the Jews of Poland is found in the statement of the attitude of the government towards the Jewish question, made by Prime Minister Bartel before the House of Deputies, last month.

Economic anti-Semitism is harmful to the Polish state, he said. Taxation will not be applied along religious or racial lines, he promised.

\* \* \*

THE 150th anniversary of the signing of the American Declaration of Independence is being observed in the synagogues of Poland in accordance with a decree issued by the Union of Polish Rabbis.

\* \* \*

THE age-old problem of water shortage in Jerusalem, was solved when a supply system, which pumps water from the Einfa Springs, nearly 2,000 feet below the city, was put into operation last month.

\* \* \*

POLISH JEWS who accept Christianity will be offered employment in a settlement to be established in Poland by the International Hebrew Christian Alliance of London, according to a plan of proselytization announced by this society. The organization, composed of Jews who have been converted to Christianity, declares that it will buy 200 acres of land in Poland.

\* \* \*

"DUE to the success of colonization work in Palestine, it is possible that eventually the colonization work of the Zionist Organization will be extended beyond the frontiers of Transjordan," said Dr. Chaim Weizmann, president of the World Zionist Organization, at a meeting of the Actions Committee held in London last month.

## Art



THE tenth anniversary of the death of Sholom Aleichem recently was observed in every town of the Soviet Union containing a Jewish population.

M. Lunatcharsky, Russian Minister of Education and Fine Arts, speaking at a large meeting in Moscow, said the Jews had immunized themselves against annihilation through song and laughter. Sholom Aleichem, therefore, was one of the saviors of the Jews, he said.

A KIM VOLINSKY, widely-known author and dramatic critic, died last month in Moscow.

Volinsky's best known work was on Leonardo da Vinci, the Italian poet.

\* \* \*

THE most recent portrait of Pope Pius XI, which was exhibited during the International Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, was the work of an Austrian Jewish artist, Dario Rappaport.

\* \* \*

JACOB M. MOSES, of Baltimore, has established an endowment fund for an art department at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, it is announced. The art department has been started with 2,500 valuable photographs of Mohammedan buildings, which will be used in the study of Moslem antiquities.

\* \* \*

PROFESSOR Max Lieberman, German Jewish painter, has been re-elected for the fifth time president of the Berlin Academy of Art.

## Education



PAUL RANSCHBURG, of Budapest, last year completed his studies at the Gymnasium, buoyant with the prospect of entering the university and becoming a physician.

Then he was refused admission to the University because he was a Jew. Undaunted, he obtained medical text books, attempting to cover the university course unassisted. Becoming aware of the futility of this procedure, he grew melancholy.

One day recently he left home. Later his body was found on a railroad track. In a letter to his parents, he stated that he did not care to live the life of failure which the numerus clausus imposed.

\* \* \*

A GENERAL exodus of Jewish scientists from Viennese universities will take place shortly, it is reported. This movement will be a means of boycotting the numerus clausus which prevents Jewish men of learning from obtaining full professorships.

\* \* \*

AN appeal for an endowment fund of \$150,000 to increase the Hebraica and Judaica possessed by the Congressional Library, has been issued by Congressmen Meyer Jacobstein and Emanuel Celler.

A MONG 149 candidates who were awarded state scholarships at Cornell University, 50 are Jews.

\* \* \*

THE first Jewish High School in Germany, the Samson School of Wolfenbuettel, which was founded by the banker Philipp Samson on June 4, 1786, recently celebrated its 140th birthday. A number of graduates of the school have become world-famous.

## Social Welfare



THE Immigration Committee of the House has refused to take action on a resolution introduced by Representative Jacobstein, which would permit wives and minor children of declarants to enter the country as non-quota immigrants.

\* \* \*

RESTRICTION of Jewish immigration is an advantage to American Jews, stated Congressman William P. Holaday, of Illinois, in speaking on the deportation bill, of which he is the author, and which failed to receive action in the Senate after it was passed by the House.

He pointed out that racial prejudice in this country is a manifestation of fear on the part of certain citizens that American ideals will be endangered by the influx of aliens.

\* \* \*

A PERMANENT Jewish National Welfare Fund in Oakland, the purpose of which will be to collect and disburse funds for Jewish national and international causes, soon will be incorporated in Oakland, Calif., in accordance with a decision made at a recent meeting of Jewish leaders of that city.

\* \* \*

JEWISH women on farms are given instruction in hygiene, and the religious needs of Jewish rural communities are being served this summer by field workers of the National Council of Jewish Women.

"There has been a noticeable improvement in the way our Jewish families now meet any case of illness that may occur," Mrs. Elmer Eckhouse, chairman of the Council's Department of Farm and Rural Work, states.



# The Crimean Pilgrimage

By J. Wendroff

(Special Correspondent for the B'nai B'rith Magazine)

*"Faces of Copper; Necks  
Like Burnt Brick;  
This Is the New  
Jewish Type"*

IT is like a plunge in cool water after a long, tedious and dusty trip, to leave the city and enter upon the spacious steppes. One rides endlessly on the uniform prairie. There is not a hillock, no woods, sometimes only a little rivulet—and then again the endless plain and clear sky. But the landscape is not tiring. The farther you go, the more do you appreciate the grandeur of the steppe—you become enchanted by its quietude, its vastness, its limitless hidden power.

Hour after hour our auto glides past the green fields of wheat and rye. My companion turns to me. "All this," he says, indicating the fields on all sides with a sweeping gesture, "all this is Jewish land. All day today, and all tomorrow, and even after tomorrow we shall ride without leaving Jewish soil."

I learn from him the history of this Jewish territory. Before the revolution the land belonged to *Pomestchiki* (landed proprietors). Prince Troubetskoy, General Korniloff, Count Kapnist, the Sergerovskys, Pronins, Linkes, and many other large land holders owned tens of thousands of desietins here. A desietin is equivalent to two and one-half acres. On the right bank of the Dnieper, the peasants starved for lack of land; they had hardly more than one-half or a third of a desietin each.

## Slave Market

Before the revolution, Kharkovka was the labor market where the steppe landlords hired peasants to work their vast estates. The peasants gathered here during the harvest season and thousands of them lay down side by side awaiting a buyer for their toil. Each peasant wrote on the sole of his boots, or even on the bare sole of his foot, his price for a day's labor. The overseers of the *Pomestchiki* passed along the ranks of prostrate forms with little whips, examined the prices, and made their selection.

"Hi!" they would exclaim. "Five



*Agro-Joint Tractor at Work*

hundred head at fifty kopecks! Forward!" Many of them hired more than a thousand laborers for the summer but still there were not enough workers available, and many hundreds of desietins remained untilled or were rented out to the peasants.

The tilled area was still further diminished during the war, and the revolution drove the *Pomestchiki* from the land altogether. Now a large part of this region has been turned over to the Jewish workers.

## To the Memory of the Dead

Every Jewish settlement has its own history, but all these histories are one story. It begins with pogroms and ends with poverty. Some of the settlers have lived through fourteen pogroms in their own townlet, as, for instance, in Troyanove, the government has changed fourteen times, and fourteen times the Jews were pogromized.

I do not remember the exact name of this historic place, but in one instance, the settlers boasted of having lived through thirty pogroms. The new colony, Taganchi, bears the name of the colony that disappeared. This was the name of the townlet from which the settlers came. It was wiped from the face of the earth, and the ground is now plowed and sown by the peasants. The town died and the orphans gave the same name to their new abode.

In the colony Emes, I heard a nightmare story of a pogrom, or many pogroms that took place in the townlet Vlodavka, Kiev Gubern, from

where the colonists came. Of all that I heard, only one sentence is retained in my memory. "Nothing is left of the townlet." I remember it because it was followed by another one: "That all the inhabitants of the town are now finding shelter in the former houses of the landlords."

These two phrases joined together recall a series of images. I imagine a townlet in ruins, chimneys surrounded by heaps of broken bricks and charred timber, the former market place covered with weeds and in the place of the Synagog, a heap of rubbish. Behind the ruins, on a little hilltop, a large landlord's house with columns, barns and other outside buildings, but the landlord is not there. He died or perched, still worse, he serves some white-guards or is a waiter in a Paris restaurant. His large edifice, where in previous years assembled guests from the entire district, now is occupied by hundreds of pogromized and ruined Jewish families.

In the large light parlor, huddle thirty families; in the dining room, which was once the scene of many luxurious feasts, twenty families are now sheltered.

The large parlor looks like a deserted barn. The boudoir of the lady is hardly to be distinguished from a swine pen and the other rooms are dirty and besmeared like a cheap inn. Perhaps this picture is not altogether correct, but I believe that my fantasy has not carried me far away from reality. I am certain that the owners



of the houses will never be resurrected, but the present inhabitants, the suffering people will again be brought back to life. A part of these Vlodavke settlers have already built their own houses in Crimea. They named it Emes,—Truth—for Truth has conquered.

#### Historic Justice

In Crimea, the Tartar population spared the landlords' estates. The Jewish settlers who moved to Crimea during 1923-24 took possession of these estates together with the buildings. In the large estates, those belonging to Strukov, we find now thirty-four Jewish families, from Glukov, Novgorod-Seversk.

The laboring Jews going over flame and blood are building their new homes on the ruins of landlords' households. They built a new life. Is not there a deep meaning in this mystery? Is there not an indication of an infeasible power that creates the historic and social justice?

#### Awakened Land

As we proceed on our journey we hear the sound of distant motors. "These," my friend explains, "are the Agro-Joint tractors." Within a few minutes a wonderful spectacle of labor and power is before our eyes. Within sixty feet of each other in a long row, move about fifteen powerful tractors, their steel fingers stirring the earth, their motors panting as though it were difficult for them to raise the crust of the soil.

A few miles further on we meet another group of tractors and then another. To me this is a poem of labor. It seems as though some great giants are stripping the stifling cloak from the parched throat of Mother Earth to let her breathe freely once more. There are places which no plow had touched for decades—on which rank weeds had woven a heavy net. And here come the steel giants to awaken Earth from her slumber and turn her again to youth and fertility. And the city Jew, the artisan of yesterday, the petty merchant, the luft-mensch, he is the renovator of the land. Is it not a poem?

#### Refugee and Emigre

On the winding steppe road, we meet a caravan of emigres. They travel with wagons piled high with all manner of household belongings—pillows and mattresses on which three generations of poverty-stricken people were born and have died; a cradle as old as the oldest married daughter; tarnished samovars and bent copper

pots, the dowry of the grandmother; lame tables and creaky benches, washtubs, barrels, a horse collar and harness, a broken gramophone.

We see people who are leaving behind everything that was horrible, and are going forward to a better future. All who are able, follow the wagons on foot; old women and children are the only ones in the wagons. Sometimes, in the middle of the wagon, like a queen on her throne, there sits a young mother nursing her baby.

There are nine families from Yhartsova, Smolensk Gubernaya, in the caravan. They are going to the land in Crimea. This little town had no pogroms, nor did it suffer from civil war. What is it, then, that compels the Jews of Yhartsova to leave their native abode and journey to the distant steppes?



*A New Settler and His Field Hut*

"You think that they must cut our throats," says one of them to me. "It is enough that they should cut our earnings. One co-operative closes up forty Jewish stores. One government mill stops every one that is private."

In former days these people would go to America.

"America is closed for us," my informant continues. "Palestine is not for us. It is for the rich. And so we go to the steppe. What is the difference if it is only a piece of bread and a peaceful life."

Nine times out of ten I receive the same answer to the inquiry: "What brought you here?"

"Tired of living on air," is the response. "Tired of being a parasite."

This motive is especially strong among the young. "You cannot imagine how proud and relieved I felt when, filling out my application, I could state my social position as a producer," said one enthusiastic young colonist.

It is no joke. Not only do these people become farmers but they are officially designated as workers. Very few of the "intelligentsia" that one meets in the colonies are interested in any big problems. Cultural and political possibilities and matters of that kind are all for the future. At the present time there is only one problem—the settling and strengthening of the household.

#### Pioneers

We wonder how the Jewish community of the little town of yesterday, lives today in the Ukrainian steppes and Crimean valleys? How did that community of petty merchants, tradesmen and clerks adapt itself to a new life, to new places and hard labor?

Here again Jewish ability itself is seen. The same town Jew who could adapt himself to the London sweat shops, who could create the New York needle industry, the fur and hat business of Paris, the Argentine colonies and who could build roads in Palestine, also could, when circumstances demanded, become a peasant in the Ukraine.

The same historical conditions, which created in the Jew his adventurous, enterprising spirit, developed in him the true spirit of the pioneer.

#### The Bare Steppe

Last fall, when the new settlers arrived here, they found a bare, dry steppe as wide and boundless as the sea. They found no shelter for their weary heads, not a twig with which to build a fire, not a drop of water to moisten their parched lips. Facing all these difficulties, the new settlers, with determination and self-confidence began to work.

The apparently simple task of digging wells required the stubbornness of a pioneer and the perseverance of a Jew. We city-dwellers cannot even comprehend in the least what it means to worry about the lack of water which we use as much as the air we breathe.

Last year, when the Joint began drilling wells, it was necessary in some places to sink 840 feet of pipe and raise the water with the aid of motors. These drilling machines are not available everywhere and, in the majority of instances, the settlers have to dig wells with their own hands.

All the wells reclaimed by the hands of the Jewish colonists can tell



of a grim past and of a heroic present. The first task of a new settler is the cleaning of old wells and the digging of new. In mire and damp, underground, people lie, endeavoring to wrest water from the stubborn earth. Above ground, stand others, and, turning a big wheel, haul up sand, stones, and clay. Often parts of tractors, automobile wheels, broken plows, fragments of furniture, and pianos are brought to light; it also happens that corpses and human bones are exhumed. These are reminiscences of those sad days when the Ukraine and Crimea, engaged in civil war, were bent upon destruction, murder, and revenge.

#### With Mortar and with Bricks

Do you remember the story of the ancient Hebrews who labored for Pharaoh with mortar and with bricks? Here in the steppes of the Ukraine, you can see that story well illustrated. Neither Crimea nor the Ukraine have forests. The village houses are built of *lompatch*—bricks made of clay and straw, very much like those bricks which our forefathers made for Pharaoh. These bricks are a mixture of black soil, sand, clay, straw, manure, and water. Bare-footed men, women, and often children, tread the mass. Then the bricks are shaped and afterwards dried in the sun.

#### With Body and Mind

Striving against all the adversities of nature, without sufficient food, water, and agricultural implements, the new Jewish settler, the small trader of yesterday, excels not only the Russian peasant, but the old Jewish colonist and even the neighboring German farmer. The new Jewish settler is not hampered by those traditions with which the Russian peasant is tied hand and foot. The superiority (it is sometimes his weakness) of the Jewish settler lies in the fact that his brains work no less than his tractor. He always thinks and speculates how to make agriculture a profitable undertaking. He is not satisfied with the sowing of two varieties which would make him too dependent upon

sun and rain; therefore, he sows wheat, oats, and maize, plants vines and fruit trees, experiments with various vegetables and all kinds of edible herbs, and starts dairies and cheese factories. Every colony has a field set aside for experimental purposes. They attempt things which, heretofore, no one in Crimea had even heard of. Curiosity even led one to plant cotton.

No less skill is shown in the marketing of products in the nearby cities and health resorts which are so numerous in Crimea. Still more amazing is the organization of the farmers, their thorough discipline. Not only is shirking an unheard of thing, but each one vies with his friend as to who can plow more, sow more.

Seeing these new colonists, one cannot believe that these same people were to be found a year ago in the city or little town. Where are the stooped backs and the restless look in their eyes? Their faces have acquired a copper hue, their necks look like burnt brick and their movements express self-reliance. This is a new type—the Jewish Colonist.

#### It Rains

Contact with the soil tends to make one sparing of speech. The Jews who were always such ready conversationalists in town are almost silent here. In the colonies, as a rule, people talk little and work much. And whatever conversation there is touches only the essentials of life—pasture, sowing, fertilizers. The spring rains seem to be the most important event in the life of the colonists. Little is heard about capitalism, communism, but much about the rain.

I recall a hot day at the beginning of summer. Wherever we came, we met gloomy, troubled faces. It had

not rained for a long time—another few weeks of drought and all would be lost; the labor of many months would perish and with it the hopes for a better future. For many years people would be unable to re-establish themselves. Every minute the colonists looked up to heaven. The sky was blue and transparent and not a cloud was to be seen. The sun sent its burning rays into the fields of growing wheat as if trying to suck out the last drops of moisture.

"What will be the end of this?"

"Another week without rain and we are lost."

And wherever we went that day, we heard the same question and the same reply. Behold, on the horizon in the north there appeared a tiny cloud, rather a shadow of a cloud. Although we, townspeople, had not even noticed it, the colonists did not remove their eyes from it.

"Look!"

The cloud grew and grew until it overcast the sky. The colonists stopped working and incessantly followed the clouds with their eyes.

"Will it really rain? O, God!"

"Do not rejoice yet," said an old Jew, fearing that premature joy might scare the clouds away. But the clouds grew darker and thicker. Several drops fell and were absorbed in the dust of the road. A heavy downpour came as if the clouds wanted to unload themselves of all their stored up moisture.

"It is raining!" each one repeated, as though no one had noticed it before.

"It is raining!" passed from mouth to mouth with hysterical joy.

Barefooted children splashed about in the puddles and with ringing voices shouted: "It is raining—it is raining!"

The rain fell for three days almost continuously, now in one place, now in another. Some of us caught cold. Wherever we came, people met us with joyful greetings, "It is raining!" as if our thoroughly wet clothes were not sufficient proof. Forgetting all our own discomfort and weariness, we joined in the general gladness at God's blessing.



Colonists Making Bricks



# Homecoming

By I. Dov Berkowitz

Translated From the Yiddish by Irving Lippman

ONE humid summer day, Chaim-Wolf Berezin, the peddler, entered a third-rate restaurant, slowly sauntered down the aisle past tables crowded with perspiring sleeveless diners, and sank into a seat near one of the tables to the rear of the establishment. The large pack containing his stock in trade he carefully shoved under the table and yawned with fatigue. In the mirror on the wall opposite, his eyes met the blank gaze of a wrinkled hairy face, brown and sunburnt, with eyes sad and troubled.

Chaim-Wolf picked up the greasy menu and looked at it, but his thoughts carried him away to his fruitless travels from town to town over the length and breadth of America in search of his fortune; his wife whom he had deserted some ten years ago, leaving her penniless with two small children; the neighbors at home and his oncoming age. He unearthed recollections of remote and long-forgotten scenes and faces. Before his mind's eye passed in review the little town Muravanke with its wide potato-patches on the hill; the young birch forest in the valley; the old cemetery with its sinking crumbling gravestones; and the hills that in the summer time were so green, and quiet, and intimate, and secure.

And Chaim-Wolf suddenly felt homesick.

A month later he realized whatever money he could from his stock in trade and made preparations to leave. After all arrangements for his transportation home were made, he bought a new light summer suit and a raincoat, and on the day of his departure packed into his valise new underwear, shirts, several novels, and, without a friend to see him off, he left America.

He reached Muravanke on a cool early Autumn morning. The sun had just risen from behind the hills, flooding light into the empty wilted gardens on the slopes. The little town was still asleep and from the distance the sound of a gallinaceous chorus infiltrated the air, accompanied by the creaking of a windlass. The farmer's wagon which Chaim-Wolf had hired at the railroad station, was dragged by two sleepy horses through the narrow

deserted streets. Chaim-Wolf relaxed in the wagon intently scanning the low mud-cottages with their age-deformed balconies, and the crooked paths that substituted for sidewalks. Somehow, the little town seemed foreign to him. Foreign and small, and poor. And he wondered now how it suddenly happened that he should have left such a great rich world to come to this remote forgotten corner, to the wife from whom he had eagerly escaped ten years before.

When the wagon entered the street in which he had lived, and his house, a low mud-cottage with closed shutters and a moss-covered, shingled roof, came to view, Chaim-Wolf was shaken by a vibrant shudder that raced down his spine. And when he left the wagon his knees were strangely uncertain. He paid the farmer his due and waited for him to leave before carrying the valise to the dilapidated veranda. He rested the valise on the stoop, lighted a cigarette and puffed it uneasily. No sound came from the house.

He tip-toed over to the little window, shaded his eyes, and attempted to penetrate the dark interior. But the darkness within merged into one indistinct mass, except for a white object that rested in one corner. After his eyes became more familiar with the darkness within, Chaim-Wolf recognized in the white object a flour covered trough in which dough is kneaded.

"Open!" he called and gently tapped upon the window.



"That Is a Country"

At the wall near the window something stirred. The silhouette of a girl's head with dishevelled hair floated up in the dimness. The head peered towards the window and immediately disappeared with a frightened movement. But soon the girl's head rose again and came nearer the window, staring at Chaim-Wolf with wide open eyes. Then she jumped barefoot to the floor, and ran over the room in her nightgown, calling in a trembling voice:

"Mother! Oi, mother! Get up quickly! Mother, get up! Oi, look! Look! It's father, I think! Father, I think, arrived!"

"Ha? What? Who? Who says?"

The front door was thrown open, and as Chaim-Wolf crossed the threshold a tall, young girl with dark hair caught his head in her soft warm hands and began to kiss him.

"Father! It is father!"

The solid loneliness and dumb vexations that had accumulated through ten successive years in that wide, rich world of his exile melted and were



gone in that moment. Chaim-Wolf stood before his grown daughter, valise in hand, round-shouldered, confused, the tears rolling down his cheeks and disappearing into his beard.

"You have grown so big, Esther!" he finally exclaimed to his daughter through smiling, tear-filled eyes.

"I recognized you at once!" Esther glowed with ecstasy. She looked at her father with shy, felicitous glances. After buttoning her blouse she ran out to open the shutters, and hastened back to her father.

"And where is your—where is mother?" Chaim-Wolf searched the room with one circling glance.

Just then, from behind the brick-oven, appeared a small shrivelled woman with a face like a dried fruit, her hair covered by a yellow kerchief. The smile upon her face was distorted into a grin. And her lustreless eyes blinked incessantly. As she approached, her hands blindly sought for buttons on her open blouse. But it had no buttons, and her open shirt disclosed her flat sunken breast. Chaim-Wolf nervously rose from his seat, but seated himself again. In awkward silence he observed his wife who kept blinking her eyes, nervously fingering her shirt, one of her cheeks flaming with excitement, and her lower lip trembling strangely as of a child who wavers between laughing and crying.

"Nu, how are you, Devorah-Leah?" Chaim-Wolf finally asked softly.

The shrivelled woman blushed and with difficulty repressed the tears that were choking her. She still attempted to smile, made a step forward, adjusted her hair under her kerchief, and replied weakly:

"Eh—How shall one be? Do I know?—Praised be His name— We lived so far— Now you came home— Probably I deserved no better— You have grown old already, Chaim-Wolf— Praised be His name— What then—"

She stopped in the middle of the room, folded her hands on her stomach, blinked her weak eyes, and shyly observed her husband who seemed so strange and new with his silence, his short clothes, his greying hair and black beard.

"And is this Osher?" Chaim-Wolf asked when a young boy of fifteen slunk in from the side-room with a frightened expression on his face.

"Certainly it is Osher!" his wife replied. "Don't you recognize him?"

"Go over to our father! This is our father!" Esther turned to her brother and drew him nearer by his collar. The boy freed himself, lowered his eyes—blushing, silent.

"Nu, what do you stand like that for?" Chaim-Wolf addressed his son. "Come nearer. Say '*Sholom Aleichem*.' Shake hands!"

At first the boy hesitated, then he approached with a lowered head and offered his hand, but he did not raise his eyes. Chaim-Wolf placed his hands on his son's shoulders and examined him from head to foot.

"Already a big boy! But he is—he is still so green—dressed so shabbily—"

"What then—" interrupted the mother as she walked over to the table and seated herself opposite her husband. "To look at him you'd think he is a big boy— But he is nothing— Praised be His name—"

The boy looked angrily at his mother, turned away and hid himself in a corner.

"Does he at least study in *cheder*?"

"Where study? What study? God don't punish me for my words! If he did learn something in *cheder* he has long forgotten it— Probably I deserve no better— It goes around like that— Does nothing and obeys nothing— Praised be His name— How many times, do you think, did I drive him to the Talmud Torah? But he doesn't want to go! To send him to *cheder* again I can't afford. Where from? From my fortunes? God don't punish me for my words! Before, when you still sent a little money I gave it to the teacher. But then you became silent— I owe him to this day, nearly two years, for a season— I pay it out little by little— With bread— I bake bread, that's what I do, praised be His name— Probably I deserve no better—"

"Nu, and what does Esther do? Works in a shop?"

"Certainly she works! She helps me in the business, God don't punish me for my words— My nice business— I am baking bread, that's what I do— What else could we do? Certainly in my father's house I did not dream of it— A nice life! Here is a child soon time to be married— And it is naked and barefoot— What then?"

Chaim-Wolf sat guiltily silent, shifting his glance around the room—to the large trough near the oven; the partly filled flour sacks; the furni-

ture; the sooty ceiling. Everything about him was so poor, and old, and distorted. The world he had left behind now appeared to him as a beautiful dream that would never repeat itself.

"Are you looking for the samovar?" his wife asked, noticing his scrutinizing glance. "We have no longer a samovar— Praised be His name— Needed a warm coat for him— He didn't deserve it— But what could one do? I was not going to let a child go out in the winter bare and naked. A mother is after all not a father. Well, so we manage without a samovar! Besides, when do we drink tea? God don't punish me for my words— Unless now, since you are, praised be God, here and from such a distant land—"

She suddenly rose.

"Look, look! What am I sitting here and talking for? You are certainly hungry after such a journey, and here I sit and talk. I am lighting the fire in the oven right away and heat some water for tea— Or perhaps you haven't prayed yet?"

Chaim-Wolf did not answer. He rose from his seat and walked over to the window.

\* \* \*

THE first few days Chaim-Wolf's home was crowded with visitors, men and women. Some came to inquire about their relatives in America; others came out of curiosity.

Those who came for regards from relatives left angry and dissatisfied. It seemed that Chaim-Wolf had never met his Muravanke countrymen in America, and knew nothing about them. Those women who had husbands in America came expectant, and left disappointed. They could not conceive the possibility of anyone returning from the Golden Land without presents from their husbands. Chaim-Wolf sat at the head of the table, a stranger in his foreign clothes and soft hat, and raised his shoulders in argument:

"What do you think, America is Muravanke? America, you know, is a great country! Thousands of cities and millions of people—and go search for your Muravanke neighbors! Besides, I hated to bother with the green-horns. I had other business to attend to there!"

Such arguments the women failed to understand. But one thing they gathered from all his talk: Chaim-Wolf had left a fool and returned a



fool. Even America had not helped him any.

The inquisitive neighbors were anxious to learn how much money he had brought from America. But it was soon learned that besides the valise, some shirts that buttoned all the way down the front, a ring for his daughter, and a pair of suspenders for his son, he had brought nothing from America. The secret leaked out through Mayer-Nochom, the flour dealer. Mayer-Nochom came to Chaim-Wolf with his book showing that Devorah-Leah owed him over forty rubles for flour. Chaim-Wolf, it was reported, refused to even look at the book and merely said that he did not bake bread and he owed for no flour.

"But it is your wife's debt!"

"Then she'll pay for it! I don't care!"

A few days after his arrival Chaim-Wolf went out to look for something to do. Before his departure for America he had dealt in lumber. But now, when the merchants discovered that he had returned without money, they refused to trust him. Chaim-Wolf returned home angered and disturbed. He paced the room with crisp steps, repeating:

"Muravanka gentlemen! Business men! *Albrighnikes!*"

Then he retreated to the pantry behind the oven, threw himself upon the bed, and fell asleep. And from that day on he remained in the house, smoking cigarette after cigarette, and looking out of the window in silence.

Gradually the weather grew cold and severe, and soon winter was upon them. But Chaim-Wolf still wore his light summer clothes and his raincoat on top.

One day his daughter, Esther, the only member of the family whom he permitted to come close to him, brought him some clothes on her arm and said to him:

"Father, here is your old Sabbath-*kapote*. We kept it. It is almost new—"

"What do I want the *kapote* for all of a sudden?" Chaim-Wolf was puzzled.

"Just so—To put on—"

"What for all of a sudden?"

"They all—they all say it isn't nice

for you to dress the way you—it isn't nice—" There were tears in her eyes.

"Who are they who say? Eh? The Muravanke greenhorns perhaps? They who have never seen anything outside the Muravanke mud? And you, foolish one, listens to them?"

He lit a cigarette and began to pace the room.

"Ha-ha-ha! My American clothes don't please the Muravanke sports! A *kapote* I should put on, and a skull-cap, perhaps! Ha-ha-ha! Listen to me, foolish one!" he turned to his daughter. "If ever they speak to you again, tell them that your father has travelled the length and breadth of the world and he knows already how

shirts, placed the valise on a chair, and opened it respectfully.

"They don't like my American clothes, eh? Here they have nicer things I suppose! Look here—here is underwear. Look at the shirts! Do you know anything about underwear, daughter? Let them show me one shirt like this in Muravanke and I'll give them a fortune! Feel it! This is silk! Fine and thin and strong!"

To please her father Esther thumbed the shirt.

"Hm—Hm!" she admitted. "Good shirts!"

"Good did you say? Good and good isn't equal! Feel it again, and tell me, since you know so much, how much for instance would one have to pay for a shirt like this in Muravanke?"

"It's hard to tell!" Esther sought to please her father. "For such a shirt in Muravanke one had to pay at least perhaps—five rubles!"

"And I paid—guess how much I paid? Seventy-five cents! Seventy-five American *kopeks* for a silk shirt!"

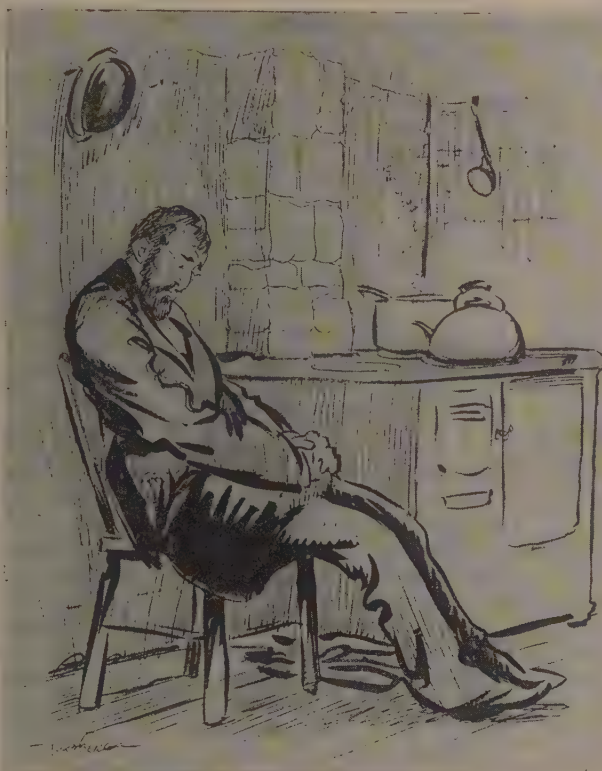
Esther clicked her tongue in admiration, and Chaim-Wolf was delighted. He folded his shirts carefully soliloquizing:

"That is a country! There you have a life! Everything free and strong. And the people—pst! Different people! Not like the Muravanke greenhorns!"

In the kitchen his wife stood before the oven, kneading dough and grumbling incessantly:

"Look at him—Look! He has already spread his treasures—Silk and velvet—His fortunes he displays—He has what to show—Praised be His name—Rags—A shirt that is split in the front—

Ten years in the Golden Land—He was lost, the treasure—You don't hear and you don't see him—A letter once in a century—Three words—Praised be His name—He returned—An aristocrat with a valise—He brought—Rags he brought—For himself—Where is a wife and where are the children?—A wife must work—And she, the foolish one, is proud of her father—Proud of the ring he brought her—Proud of his shirt—Her mother doesn't matter to her—Let her roast before the fire—"



There He Slept All Day

to be a gentleman! Tell them just that! I'm the only gentleman here, and I'm not going to learn from them, the greenhorns! You can tell them that even the President in America is not ashamed to wear clothes like these. And two years ago I saw the Governor of Ohio in a raincoat. That's what you should tell them! Or, better still, tell them nothing! Spit in their faces when they try to speak to you, and that's all!"

Later he opened his valise wherein he kept separately his underwear and



When Chaim-Wolf heard her talk he became silent and returned to his place near the window, puffing cigarette after cigarette.

THE short winter days and the long nights arrived. Chaim-Wolf stood near the front window watching the padded townsfolk running through the frost, rubbing their frozen ears, dancing to keep their feet warm, and disappearing in the snowstorm. And in the house rested the formless depression that stifled all hope. Women with heavy shawls and red noses came and went. They haggled, quarreled, argued in the same manner each day, bought bread, and left. Everywhere in the house were flour sacks. The mud-floor was wet from the snow brought into the house by the customers. The windows were covered with opaque layers of hoarfrost. And his wife, the breadwinner, with her labors and her constant lectures, was always there.

Chaim-Wolf peeped out through the part of the window where his warm breath had melted the frost, listened to his wife's complaints addressed to God, and tried to stifle his bitter mood with cigarettes. Then he began to pace the room like a shade, unwanted, an intruder, embittering his own life and that of his family. In his impotence, his anger rose and he began to complain:

"Who wants her to bake bread? Who asks her to support us? A breadwinner she became! Do you hear what I say? I don't want you to work! Once and for all—I don't want it! I'll take the children with me and go away and—settled!"

But he realized that his words were not heeded, and that they threatened no one. He felt beaten and hid himself behind the oven. There he slept all day.

When he awoke from a heavy restless slumber he noticed that it was already evening. Near the table his wife and daughter sat mending stockings. Both were silent. His wife seemed quieter in the evening than during the day. On her face rested a peaceful resignation to her misery. Quietly, Chaim-Wolf rose from his bed and dragged himself to a chair near the table. For a few minutes he was silent.

"Esther, perhaps there is a glass of tea in the house?" he suddenly addressed his daughter.

"Mother, have we tea?" Esther repeated the question.

The mother answered with anger that screened an excuse:

"Tea all of a sudden! Where shall I get tea from?—I forgot to put some water near the fire."

Chaim-Wolf looked up ready to reply, but seeing the sadness on her face he controlled himself.

Then he entered the kitchen and stopped near the window opposite the mouth of the oven—the only window in the house that was not covered with frost.

In the distance he could see a wagon illuminated by a torch. The torch smoked in the dark, showering light and shadow, illuminating now a face now the shoulders of the men who circled the wagon. The torch was struck with a sudden impact as the wagon swung out into the night. The light quickly receded and disappeared. Chaim-Wolf experienced a strange inexplicable longing. For a few moments he remained near the window, tears rising in his eyes, the vague illusion of a departure fitting through his mind. And when he returned to his seat near the table he began to talk:

"The hot water, she says, she forgot to put near the fire. Nu-nu! It is a nice state when I have to wait for her hot water! There nobody knows of brick-ovens and hot water! You go out of the house or the tenement and on every corner you find a restaurant or just a lunch-room. You go in—pst! A palace with the finest tables! Clean, warm and bright—a pleasure! You seat yourself near a table like a gentleman, like others, and you call out: 'Say, waiter!' A man comes running dressed in a black suit and a white collar, and he gives you the best of everything."

"And how do they speak there? Really Angelsh?" Esther was curious to know.

"They speak English. But that is nothing. What is important is that everything there is nice and clean. And the food—Pst! What food and drinks!"

"Nevertheless, I think that to have all these good things you need money. For nothing they don't give you anything even there," his wife commented sarcastically.

"Fool! Only of money does it think! Who talks of money now?" Chaim-Wolf became enraged. "We talk of politics—how people live in freedom and not like here, in the mud—There they don't even know what mud looks like—The streets are paved and you can walk around on them like on a floor. But you needn't walk—there they ride. Cars run all over the cities, up, over the houses,

and below, under the houses. That's what they call 'subways.' You go into a subway, you pay a nickel just the same as the millionaire, and it takes you everywhere. You spread yourself on a soft long chair and the car flies as the arrow from the bow."

Just as Chaim-Wolf grew ecstatic in his descriptions of the palaces, the wick of the kerosene lamp on the table began to smoke, the shadows in the room intensifying as the flame slowly sank. Esther entered the kitchen, thumbed familiar objects in the dark, and returned with the report that they were out of kerosene.

"Shall I run out and get some kerosene, mother?"

"Where, foolish one, at this hour of the night will you get—Praised be His name—The stores must be closed—"

There was nothing else to do but go to bed. The thought of sleeping again roused in Chaim-Wolf a mad craving for physical violence. But he quietly undressed and crawled under the quilt. The air in the pantry that served them as bedroom was dense and gasped with oppressiveness, like the thoughts that whirled in his head. For several minutes he remained in silent immobility, then he began:

"Nu, nu! Kerosene! Who there knows of such a thing! Who there will dirty his hands with such a thing? There if you want light in the house—for that there is a gas company. The company worries already for you and sees to it that you get as much light as your heart desires. You only light a match and turn on the gas and it becomes brighter than in the daytime. And you don't need to be rich for that. The poorest man can have as much gas as the millionaire. There everyone is equal: the millionaire, the worker, the negro. All are alike. Even the President is no *yackson*. Today you are President and tomorrow I'm President. One man is just as much a gentleman as another. It only depends whom the people choose. And the people are free to choose and do as they please. They fear nobody, and live richly, and read the papers every day, and go to theatres. Then the fruit you can get there on the stands! Pst! Such fruit—"

Chaim-Wolf paused to catch his breath. He remained silent to sooth his longing heart. And he listened to the darkness about him: his wife had long fallen asleep, and now her regular breathing gradually rose into loud snoring.



# Art's Conquest of the Mediterranean

By David Shore

Tel Aviv

A WARM, humid breeze comes to me through my window; the day is cloudy and quiet as the dusk. The palms gently billow in the breeze. From my window I see several steamers anchored near Jaffa, like lazy, wallowing monsters. A caravan of camels moves majestically along the coast.



David Shore

Serene—listless—enervating.

But the calm is only illusory—all around, incredibly hard

work is in progress and a grim battle for existence is being waged. So much beautiful enthusiasm, energy and sentiment has been built into the new, free Jewish land, that some day people will talk about this period as they do of a biblical epoch.

In the Emek, the Valley of the Esdralon, one finds the *chalutzim*, young men of high, cultural attainments, unused to labor, who eagerly devote all their strength and acquired ability to burdensome, physical toil. They lay roads, build houses, drain marshes, till the soil, plant vineyards and orange groves. Upon the white bones of these pioneers, the land is rebuilt. Hot tears come to the eyes of the beholder and he cannot help thinking: "How dearly the nation pays for its regeneration!"

The Emek, a deep valley, surrounded by high mountains, was for thousands of years the reservoir for all the waters that trickled from the mountainsides. Springs were converted into marshes, polluting the air and becoming a source of malignant malaria. Not in vain was the Emek called the "Valley of Death."

Now, all the swamps have been reclaimed for the cultivation of wheat, grapes and oranges. Now cattle graze in green pastures. The springs have become a source of

## "The Need in Palestine is to Instil in the Masses an Understanding of Art"

excellent water for drinking and irrigation.

What I saw here cannot be found anywhere else in the world. Along with the physical, tremendous cultural work is being done, enriching the inhabitants with new forms of life.

I am at the head of all the musical organizations of Palestine. I lecture on music, endeavoring to inculcate in the minds of our leaders in the musical field, the thought that we need not cultivate here mere technical skill nor virtuosity, for these things are coming in with the immigration from Poland, Lithuania, Roumania and Russia. The real need is to instil in the great masses a true understanding of art. Our workers are engaged in a more-than-human labor—with hands that have done no physical tasks for thousands of years tilling a land that has been neglected for an equal number of years. While involved in this gigantic undertaking, they necessarily live in a primitive condition. So that if they are to hold the positions they have conquered with so much effort, we must bring them the joy of art from time to time.

What a tragedy it would be if, while becoming men of toil, they should lose their inherently fine sensibilities! In the planning of a nation, the soul

of the individual must be given equal consideration with the welfare of the land.

Our workmen yearn for cultural diversions. I work in a studio, surrounded by forty people who, like sponges, actually absorb everything they are told.

The old colony, Deganiah, near Kinereth and the Jordan, recently received the gift of a piano. Previously, in the whole Emek, among 2500 workmen, there was not one musical instrument. I immediately arranged a concert, and the throng it attracted, the impression it made, assured us that we are on the right track.

A young musician has organized a choir in the Emek. A concert was given and attracted 4000 people. It took place in a quarry at the foot of the Gilboa by the light of torches. The people still speak of it as a great event in their lives.

Our ideal should be the conquest of the whole coast of the Mediterranean and the east in general, not with cannon nor with terrific onslaughts, but with science and art, and for this noble purpose it is worth while dedicating the remnant of one's life.

Zionism and Palestine exert a powerful influence on the spiritual and cultural life of the people. Before my eyes, a debased, reviled and tortured Jewry has straightened its back; hearts were enkindled with enthusiasm and eyes sparkled with proud, national consciousness.

After being in Palestine six months, I came to the conclusion that the best part of the people are the workmen. Only one who has seen the colossal work that they have done, can realize how much latent power, for cultural attainments as well as

for material creation, still is concealed within the People of the Book. The union of the Jewry of the east and of the west—the full realization of the Jew's mission in the world as a spiritual and cultural force, is possible only through a Jewish Palestine.



Tobacco Cultivation at Ein-Herod.



# News of the Lodges

CHICAGO is the place and August 29, 30 and 31 the dates for the launching of the B'nai B'rith campaign for \$2,000,000, not for charity but for the enrichment of Jewish life; not for the benefit of the B'nai B'rith but for the good of all Jewry.

In that city and on those dates there will assemble the men of the B'nai B'rith in whose hands has been placed the responsibility of collecting the \$2,000,000 and of drafting the program of cultural work to be undertaken.

There will gather not only the men who will have to do with the financing of the enterprise, but also the district chairmen of Committees on Intellectual Advancement and Social Service, and the chairmen of district Anti-Defamation Committees.

Each of these men understand the new concept of B'nai B'rith.

This concept was well interpreted recently by the Jewish Chronicle of Milwaukee: "B'nai B'rith is fast outgrowing its once useful object as an exclusively charity-dispensing body. As was stated in the District Convention in Milwaukee, American Jewry is passing out of its charity-giving stage because the former objects of charity are fast disappearing. The emphasis of the B'nai B'rith is now applied to the cultural advancement of the Jew, and thereby has it become a living, pulsating, hopeful institution . . . The B'nai B'rith need no longer point to its 'good deeds.' They speak for themselves. But it does speak and speak with eloquence on its larger and more productive work of education and culture. That not only touches the needy poor, but the entire society of Israel . . .

"Jewish interest today is no longer translated into terms of benevolence, but of culture. Our greatest enemy today is not poverty or persecution, but the ignorance of our own people in the highest concepts of Judaism."

To the furtherance of the new ideal, the B'nai B'rith will dedicate itself at the Chicago meeting. Besides the officials already enumerated there will be present Alfred M. Cohen, President of the Constitution Grand Lodge; Henry Monsky, Omaha; Judge A. B. Frey, St. Louis; Sidney Kusworm, Dayton, Dr. Boris D. Bogen, executive secretary, the district chairmen and vice-chairmen of the campaign and all the district secretaries.

JEWISH students attending the summer courses at Ohio State University have found the facilities of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation available. While the activities of the Hillel Foundation naturally are curtailed during the summer, library, study and some social privileges are at the disposal of the students. More than 100 Jewish men and women are at Ohio State this summer.

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PLANS for the largest initiation in the history of Los Angeles Lodge No. 487, were made at a meeting July 20. The class was named in honor of Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, on the occasion of his election to the second vice-presidency of District No. 4.

Los Angeles Lodge is preparing for a campaign which, it is hoped, will leave no prospect for membership in the Order, unaffiliated.

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THE passing of H. Krensky, of Carroll, Ia., former prominent Ben B'rith, is recorded in a recent Good and Welfare bulletin of District Grand Lodge No. 6.

"Perhaps we can learn a lesson from his life," the bulletin states. "The 26 years' residence of Mr. Krensky in Carroll will stand out as a monument to his memory for years to come. When he was as poor as the poorest, he was always able to do some little thing for charity."

A Carroll newspaper said of him: "There was not a man in the city with a kinder heart and many were his good deeds in helping those less fortunate than himself."

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A NEW B'nai B'rith Infirmary Building of the National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives, at Denver, will be dedicated September 2nd. This building is one of the country's outstanding manifestations of the spirit of B'nai B'rith. For many years, the Order has been the patron society of the hospital, and now the Infirmary will stand as an eloquent monument to the unique character of B'nai B'rith.

The Infirmary has been carefully planned to care for every need of the patients. No expense has been spared in making it fulfill all the requirements of modern science.

The building was erected at a cost of \$500,000. Under the leadership of Edwin J. Schanfarber, Columbus, Ohio, and Harry H. Lapidus, Omaha, Nebraska, B'nai B'rith Districts No. 2 and 6 raised \$350,000 towards the fund. District No. 4, under the direction of Richard E. Gutstadt, of San Francisco, now is engaged in raising \$75,000 for equipping the building.

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AN interesting feature of the meeting of the Central Committee of Women's Auxiliaries, District No. 4, I. O. B. B., held at Seattle recently, was the reading of a paper on Ida Bluen Straus, for whom Auxiliary No. 5, of Spokane, was named.

The life of Ida Bluen Straus, reviewed at the meeting by Mrs. Bessie W. Copeland, was an inspiration.

Mrs. Straus devoted herself entirely to charities and was president of the settlement which she founded in 1897, 15 years before her death, as a means of affording healthful recreation and amusement for working girls of the East Side in New York.

In death, she was noble. A passenger on the ill-fated Titanic, she was safely stowed in a life-boat with other women. Seeing that her husband, Isadore Straus, would be left to die, she returned to his side, and they were last seen clasped in each other's arms, watching the life-boats depart.

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PROCEEDS from a minstrel show presented by Lodge No. 576, Washington, Pa., will be used to further various philanthropic enterprises. The entertainment was found to be the most feasible way of raising funds and the lodge, therefore, decided to make the minstrel show an annual event.

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CLEVELAND (Ohio) Lodge No. 16, upon resuming activities in the fall, will consider plans for the building of a new home for the organization.

The Lodge closed its season recently with the election of Maurice Gusman, president; Morton Zaller, vice-president; Arthur A. Neiger, secretary and Max Lieber, treasurer.



# In the Public Eye

## Asher Ginzberg



Asher Ginzberg

**PALESTINE**, on August 5th, celebrated the seventieth birthday of its most famous essayist, philosopher and publicist—Asher Ginzberg, who is best known under the nom de plume of Achad Ha'am.

Besides being a Talmudic scholar—one who, even as a very young man, was consulted by the great rabbis of Russia—Ginzberg is the founder of a distinct school of Zionism, known as "Achad Ha'amism." In his many famous works on Zionism, he emphasized the value of Palestine as a moral center for the regeneration of Jewry.

Ginzberg's philosophical essays, written mostly in Hebrew, have become a standard part of literature in all languages.

Ginzberg settled in Palestine permanently three years ago, and has become one of the guiding influences there in cultural development and in moulding the thought of the new land.

## Rebekah Kohut

**S**HE is 60 years old—Rebekah Kohut.

Educator, social worker, writer, a mother in Israel. Daughter of a rabbi, Dr. Albert S. Bettelheim; the widow of a rabbi, Dr. Alexander Kohut; mother of a rabbi, Dr. George Alexander Kohut.



Rebekah Kohut

One reads her biography, covering many fields of endeavor, and one says: "A busy life! Surely, she has arrived at the years when her hands may rest from their labors."

But in her autobiography, "My Portion," she writes: "And so when I look back and ask myself what has been my portion, it seems miraculously compounded of all the ingredients of life—poverty, struggle, affluence, health, illness, companionship, friendship, love, betrayal, loneliness, giving, taking, doing. For a moment I stop

there, and say: 'That's all. That has been my portion.'

"But no, life holds even more. And I see myself always going on, never pausing in the present, always restless, always straining forward for something that has not been but should be."

And so to this hour she is "going on, never resting." At present she is in Europe, studying the condition of the Jews at first hand in order to take up work with the Jewish Distribution Committee when she returns.

## Abraham Flexner



Abraham Flexner

**I**N Dr. Abraham Flexner are embodied two important interests characteristic of the Jew—education and medicine. And now, for his outstanding contributions to these fields, he has been awarded the decoration of Commander of the Legion of Honor, on behalf of the French Government. The particular activity for which he was honored was his work in connection with the Demonstration Hospital, operated by the Rockefeller Institute during the war.

Dr. Flexner at present is head of the General Education Board. He was born at Louisville, Ky., November 13, 1866. After graduating from Harvard University, he began his career in the educational field as a teacher in the High Schools of Louisville. He has written a number of volumes and many magazine articles on education.

Dr. Flexner is a member of a famous family. His brothers are Dr. Simon Flexner, head of the Rockefeller Institute, and Bernard Flexner, widely-known attorney.

## Louis Lipsky

**L**OUIS LIPSKY had no small reputation as a writer and dramatic critic when Zionism attracted him. Brilliant, prolific, a successful literary career was before him; he gave it up to devote himself entirely to Zionism, speaking, writing and organizing for the movement.

There were long barren years; years of discouragement, years of travail; the eyes of Louis Lipsky remained filled with the ideal which ever burned before him.

He had labored more than 20 years when the Balfour Declaration caused the heart of every Zionist to sing songs of victory. The thirtieth year of his devotion sees him elected president of the Zionist Organization of America, the highest office in the organization which had remained unfilled since the Cleveland convention in 1921.

But other high distinctions of Zionism had already come to him. In 1923 he was elected a member of the World Zionist Executive at the World Congress in Karlsbad, serving as one of the five members of the Executive, supreme arbiter of world Zionist affairs. In this place he still serves.

## Paul Warburg

**A** FINANCIER whose genius is recognized as a boon to the material welfare of humanity. Paul Warburg, of New York City, is the man. For his services on behalf of the international financial situation, he recently was accorded the honorary degree of Doctor of Political Science by the University of Heidelberg.



Paul Warburg

Warburg was born at Hamburg, Germany, August 10, 1868. While he has long been known in financial circles, he became nationally prominent in 1914 when he resigned all of his numerous business connections to accept an appointment by President Wilson as member of the Federal Reserve Board. He now is vice-president of the Federal Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve.

Busy man that he is, he has devoted himself whole-heartedly to philanthropic, cultural and educational activities. He is director of the National Employment Exchange, trustee of the National Child Labor Commission, treasurer of the Institute of Musical Art, and trustee of Tuskegee College and the Institute of Economics.



# News in Views



Photo by Jewish Forward



P. & A. Photo



Photo by Jewish Forward

In the upper left corner is seen a group of doctors, nurses and officials of the clinic for the poor at Yelisa-vetgrad, Russia, maintained by funds sent from America. At the right is Samuel Vigoda, Hungarian cantor, who on August 1, succeeded Cantor Rosenblatt in the Hungarian Synagog in New York, which Rosenblatt served many years.

The gentleman on the left is none other than Moishe Hotz, the strongest Jew in Poland. He is a cab-driver at Ciechanov and it is said of him that he can carry an ox under one arm.

Below, and continued on the next page, is seen a panoramic view of the delegates of A. Z. A., the junior B'nai B'rith, who met in convention at St. Paul last month and whose mission is discussed on the first editorial page of this issue.







P. & A. Photo

Age 14, a senior at Syracuse University, and by name Moses Finkelstein. This summer he is taking a course in advanced psychology at Columbia University.

In the upper left corner is a view of the clinic maintained under B'nai B'rith auspices in Mexico City for East European Jews who have settled in the Mexican Republic.

And at the right of the clinic stand a group of the pilgrim fathers—and one of the pilgrim mothers—of Palestine. They are the survivors of the first Jewish pioneers who came to the Holy Land almost a half-century ago to upbuild the country. Whereas the original Jewish settlers dribbled into the country a few at a time, the present waves of Jewish immigration from Eastern Europe average 4,000 monthly.



Photo by Jewish Forward

Mrs. Lillian Weiland, age 103, of New York, is learning the new dancing steps under the direction of her granddaughter, Belle. This is the first picture she ever had taken.





# Youth In Convention

TWO years ago a group of young men calling themselves the Aleph Zadik Aleph fraternity, met in Omaha. There were four chapters of this fraternity. The thoughts of the delegates had to do with Judaism—how they could make themselves effective members of Jewry and how they might train themselves for leadership among their people.

They were quite modest. In a limited western field, Aleph Zadik Aleph hoped to do a share of the work of Jewry and prepare itself for a larger share. Aleph Zadik Aleph was a response to the questionings of the elders who have been anxiously wondering who will take up the leadership of Jewry after they have passed. The young seem so indifferent to their Jewish responsibilities.

Aleph Zadik Aleph was not a growth stimulated from the outside but came from the hearts of the young men who were its founders.

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It was last year that the B'nai B'rith came and saw that Aleph Zadik Aleph was good. From four chapters it had grown to fifteen, representing as many cities of the middle-west. The B'nai B'rith, too, had been asking, "Where will the leaders of the future come from?"

Aleph Zadik Aleph seemed to offer a solution. Here was an organization that was unique among organizations of Jewish young men. It had a Jewish consciousness and distinctly Jewish purposes.

B'nai B'rith adopted Aleph Zadik Aleph and made it its junior auxiliary.

"Our Order has underwritten the solution of many of Israel's problems, among which is the task of keeping our young men and women secure in the faith of their ancestors."

Thus Sam J. Leon, president, District Grand Lodge No. 6, expressed precisely what Aleph Zadik Aleph means to B'nai B'rith.

"It is from Aleph Zadik Aleph that our Order

must receive its future leadership," Mr. Leon continued. "It is these young men who must carry the work of our Order to the next generation."

He spoke thus at the third annual convention of Aleph Zadik Aleph held at St. Paul, July 11th to 13th.

\* \* \*

At this convention it was seen that the order which had commenced with four chapters now has 25 chapters of ardent, consciously-Jewish young men.

It has outgrown its middle-western swaddling clothes and has gone marching into the world. A. Z. A. has advanced to the eastern coast and at the St. Paul convention there were admitted to the order a chapter from Springfield, Mass., and a chapter from Canonsburg, Pa. A. Z. A. has set 75 chapters as its goal for the coming year.

\* \* \*

St. Paul Jewry literally opened its doors to these spokesmen of Jewish youth. Every Jewish home that had a spare room made it available for the habitation of one or more of the youthful delegates during the convention.

The boys came to St. Paul as strangers to one another; when they parted they had established friendships that will be life-long, being welded by the common bond of their ideal.

\* \* \*

A number of awards and honors were distributed during the convention.

To St. Paul Chapter was given a plaque signifying that it had been the best A. Z. A. Chapter during 1925-1926. Alex Altshuler, Aleph Godol of the Chapter, accepted the award on behalf of his organization.

Max Kroloff, Kansas City, and Jacob

Finkelstein, Lincoln, Neb., received silver loving cups for winning first and second places, respectively, in the oratorical contest held last February in Lincoln.

The services of Charles Shane, Des Moines, and Philip Klutznik, Kansas City, who have been Grand Aleph Godols of the order, were recognized by the presentation of jewels emblematic of Aleph Zadik Aleph.

\* \* \*

Jacob Finkelstein of Lincoln, Neb., was elected Grand Aleph Godol of the order. He will be assisted by Nolton Lieberman, St. Paul, elected, Grand Aleph S'Gan; J. Weiner, Grand Rapids, Grand Senior Shotare; Ben Salinsky, Sheboygan, Wis., Grand Junior Shotare; Leo Peller, Maywood, Ill., Grand Aleph Mazkir; Lawrence Glazer, Ft. Dodge, Grand Aleph Gisbor; George Libles, Des Moines, Grand Aleph Sopher, and Alex Paper, Fargo, Grand Aleph Kohen Godol.

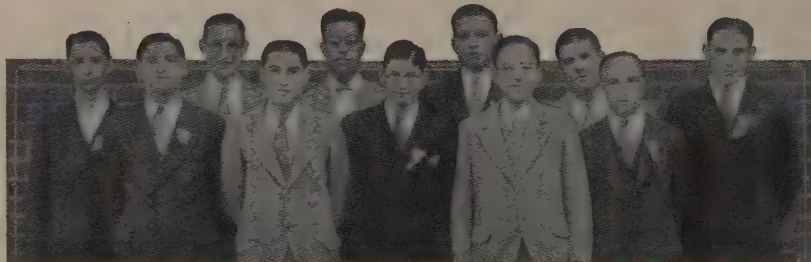
Next year's convention will be held in Des Moines.

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A number of nationally prominent members of the B'nai B'rith were chosen to guide the junior order during the coming year. They will comprise the Supreme Advisory Council of Aleph Zadik Aleph. They are:

Sam Beber, Omaha, president; Nathan Moonkin, Kansas City, vice president; I. F. Goodman, Omaha, secretary; Nathan Bernstein, Omaha, treasurer; Dr. Boris D. Bogen, Cincinnati; Harry Lashkowitz, Fargo, N. Dakota; Milton Schayer, Denver; H. D. Frankel, Chicago; S. J. Goldberg, St. Paul; I. E. Greenberg, Superior, Wis.; Harry H. Lapidus, Omaha; Samuel Schaefer, Denver; Julius Cohen, Chattanooga; Harry Trustin, Omaha; S. I. Silberman, Des Moines; Gottfried Bernstein, Chicago, and Louis Finkelstein, Lincoln, Neb.

Three junior members, Jack Moskovitz, Kansas City; Harry Shedlov, Minneapolis, and Marion Graetz, Omaha, also were elected to the supreme body.



Newly-elected Officers of A. Z. A. Left to right: Ben Salinsky, Jack Moskovitz, Marion Graetz, G. Glaser, Harry S. Shedlov, A. Paper, Jacob M. Finkelstein, Nolton Lieberman, George Libles, Jack Weiner and Leo Peller.



# Hannah's Children

By Yossef Gaer—Illustrated By  
Manuel Rosenberg

## SYNOPSIS

*The present issue completes the novel.*

*The beginning of this installment finds the story in the midst of a chapter entitled "Hannah's Last Sacrifice."*

*Hannah, a widowed Jewish mother of Yanovke in Russia, has had a life of many sacrifices—greater sacrifices than are ordinarily the lot of mothers. One by one her children have left her, going to other parts of the world. Life in Yanovke, at best, is not pleasant, and to be a Jew, and a lonesome one, is doubly hard.*

*And now Moyshele, her youngest and only remaining child, has decided to go to America. Hannah's suffering is intense as he prepares for the journey and the day for his departure draws near.*

JUST as the days had dragged themselves tediously and annoyingly before Moyshele consented to go to America, now that he prepared to leave, the days seemed to rush and topple over one another. They seemed to skip; now it was Monday; and—it is Friday already. The Passover was over; the Feast of the weeks was nearing. And the second day of the Holiday of Greens was over. The date of Moyshele's departure drew near. And the morning of the day prior to his leaving took them by surprise.

"Mother, tomorrow will be my last morning in this house."

Hannah had been aware of that fact many days before this realization came to Moyshele. She had been aware of it before Moyshele was born. She was aware of it when her first-born left the house. Even then she knew that some morning she would wake to find that it was the last morning that the last of her children would be under her roof. And she imagined the morning after—

"You will be alone, mother. By right, Gitele should come and live with you—why not speak to them about it? I think it would be——"

"Let us get up, child. We have so much to do today. I want you to take leave of everyone before the day is over so that we can have our last evening together. Come—let us dress."

And all day long Hannah was occupied with the last preparations for Moyshele's departure. At last she

packed his satchel with such things as were deemed essential for an ocean voyage.

"Remember, child, if you don't feel good, just take a piece of garlic—there is nothing better."

"Ephraim says that lemons are best," Moyshele protested and wanted to have the garlic removed from the satchel.

"Lemons may be good—here are two lemons; but I am certain that garlic is better. If people say so, they must know," Hannah insisted as she forced heads of garlic into the corners of the satchel.

"Is Aunt Libe coming to the house, or shall I go to her, too?"

"Go to her, child. I know you don't like your uncle, but it is the last you will see of him—go and take leave of them all. Hurry, child."

Moyshele left to make the rounds to all the relatives, friends and acquaintances. Some pitied him; some envied him; and all sent messages to their friends and relatives in America.

"Moyshele, you remember my cousin Chonoh?" asked Deenah Getzel's "No—I don't think you remember him. You were just a little boy when he left. But anyway, if you meet him in America—you will surely meet him because he has a big store in Plum Coolee—give him and his wife and all his children our heartiest regards."

"And if you don't go to see my uncle in Ventura," said Tzipoh-Leah's, "and tell him that we are all angry with him for not having written to us for over five years—I will be very angry with you."

"Now don't forget, Moyshele, to tell that to your sister," Aunt Libe threatened with her index finger, "Your Aunt



*Very Cautiously, She Bent Over Him*

Chasye died the 25th of Kislev and has no name after her yet. The next girl Sorkele gives birth to must take her name! Will you remember and tell her that?"

Some asked him to write and tell them about the life in America; others made him swear by all that was sacred to him that he would personally deliver to their relatives the letters they gave him, and warned him to guard these documents as the pupil of his eye. Many cried as if he were leaving for the guillotine, and a few shook their heads and thought of his mother who was left alone. Before he was through leave-taking Moyshele realized all the possible cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition. He came home tired and sick at heart.

"You didn't forget anybody?" Hannah asked as he entered.

Moyshele shook his head in the negative.

"Are you very tired?" Gitele asked as she embraced him.

"No," Moyshele answered abruptly.



"Let us eat now, children. Moyshele must be very hungry," said Hannah as she began to set the table. Gitele offered her assistance but both her mother and husband scolded her for wanting to exert herself.

None but Gitele's husband more than touched the food that Hannah had painfully prepared for the occasion. The silence during meals to which Gitele and Moyshele had been accustomed from the days of their childhood drew brother and sister together. Moyshele looked into Gitele's eyes and noticed that the dancing flames in them were dying fast. The tears began to glisten in his eyes. No sooner had the tears appeared in his eyes than Gitele began to sob loudly. The dinner was disturbed. The husband tried to quiet his wife; the mother, her son.

"I think you'd better go home now," Hannah said to Gitele.

"This is the last evening with my little brother, and you want me—" The tears checked her.

"You had better take her home, Bin-yomin," Hannah turned to her son-in-law. "She must not excite herself now."

Gitele protested at first, but soon began to take leave of her brother. At last Gitele and her husband departed. Moyshele flung himself on the sofa, and his mother seated herself by his side.

"And remember your promise, Moyshele, to write to me every week—no matter what happens!"

"I will write twice a week, mother!"

"You know how my heart is torn to pieces when I don't hear from the children for a long time. And you are the last to go. If you don't write I will not be able to bear it! Write every week, and see that the others write too!"

And having exacted this promise from him, as she had from each of the children who had left her, she made him promise he would remain a good Jew.

"You don't pray! you don't say grace; you don't fast on the Day of Atonement. But there are greater sins than those—and a Jew must keep away from them. In the large cities Satan is at large! Don't ever let him tempt you to eat pork! It is punishable by death! And keep to the straight road! Woe unto me that I have to let you go now without guide or guardian!"

"I will be good, mother. I will stay with Sorkele, and it will be just like staying home."

Hannah nodded her head and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Moyshele's thoughts were of the next day when he would be far away amongst strangers. He had never been away from home alone, and the thought of being alone amongst strangers disturbed him. He was suddenly reminded of the picture he had formed of America the day he was in the synagogue listening to Shmarye Goy's stories of the wonders of that land. And in spite of all, Moyshele's acquired knowledge to the contrary, that picture suddenly appeared before him as vividly as he had then imagined it—an immense city hidden in eternal night, artificially lighted by many glaring lights. Billions and billions of people swarm about in the endless long streets. And he knows nobody, and nobody knows him. And he is lost in the great crowd.

Moyshele relaxed and soon began to fall asleep. Suddenly reminded of something very important, Hannah turned to her son:

"Remember, child, as soon as you get on the boat put on the warm underwear that I put in the bottom of your satchel. And don't be ashamed to keep that shawl around your neck. It may not look very good, but it will protect you from the cold."

Moyshele was only half-conscious that his mother spoke to him, and he faintly moved his lips that he would do all she wished.

Hannah noticed that her son was falling asleep and she disturbed him no further. She sat watching the pale face and the delicate eyelids that covered the eyes, fixing that image in her mind—the last image—the one that would obliterate all previous imprints of the same beloved face and allow no others to replace it. Tenderly she put her arms on his shoulders, and very cautiously bent herself over her son until her cheek touched his.

"NOO, Deenah, are you ready?" Hannah called from the street into the open door of Deenah's house.

"I don't know what became of my Mahnah Loshon," came Deenah's reply.

"You can use mine."

"But where can mine be?"

"You'll find it another time. Come now—it is getting late."

"The question is not whether I'll find it or not, but what could have become of it?"

Deenah finally appeared in the doorway with a large prayer-book under her arm.

"Good morning!" Hannah greeted.

"Good morning, Good Year!" Deenah answered. Then suddenly turning in the doorway she called into the room: "Menicho! Remember that the meat is on the fire! And don't watch the birds flying—watch the soup!"

"Do you cook on a day like this?" Hannah asked her neighbor as they started out towards the cemetery.

"What can I do, Hannah, if I have had children? Herring and bread is no dinner for them; and onions and bread is also no dinner for them. They must have soup and meat. You'd think they were Graf Pototzky's children the way they demand things!"

"In my house it was the custom not to have cooked food on the day I visit the graves."

"And you want to compare your children to mine? Your children are angels."

Hannah sighed, and did not reply.

"Did you have a letter from Moyshele this morning?" Deenah asked.

"No. It is already three weeks since I heard from him."

"And I thought I saw the postman enter your house this morning."

"Yes, there was a letter from Yitzik. He writes me that Moyshele has been working since the second week he arrived."

"What is he doing?"

"Yitzik took him into a factory where they'll teach him to become a pants-operator."

"And what is that?"

"Do I know? But I am certain he will be able to make a living."

Both women were silent.

"I hear that your Gitele is moving to Lipcove?" Deenah began after a pause.

"They are moving there soon after the Terrible Days. Reb Yosele found a very good flour-store for his son."

"Reb Yosele is a good father. He does everything for his children. But I suppose it will be hard for you to see Gitele go from Yanovke."

"Eh, Deenah, when the matchmakers came to my door I thought I would rather look down a little and have Gitele marry a man from Yanovke so that I might have her near me. But the good God wants it different."

"But Lipcove isn't far, Hannah, and it's almost the same as if she were in Yanovke," Deenah consoled.

"Lipcove, and America, and Irkutsk are the same thing to me! It is almost as if she died."

"Hannah, Hannah—you mustn't say that! The Creator hears everything!"



And it is before the New Year and the Day of Atonement! Besides—Lipcove is only eighteen versts from here."

"Eh, Deenah, why should I fool myself? As far as I am concerned Lipcove might be on the other side of the Sambatyon or the Mountains of Darkness. My son-in-law is starting in the flour business. I know what that means. He'll deal with grain and Gitele will have to attend to the store. Then there is the child, and soon there will be another. She'll be bound like a slave. On the week days she will not be able to leave the store, and on the Sabbath and Holidays one cannot travel."

"But you'll be able to go to her."

"When? What about my store? I can't close it and leave. So you see that Lipcove and America are the same to me. Good children!" Hannah went on pensively. "What's the good? When they are small they are a great pain and a constant trouble. And when they grow up they fly away like the little birds. When I think of Gitele my heart is torn into pieces."

"Family trouble already?" Deenah pricked her inquisitive ears.

"God forbid! They live like the doves. Reb Yosele even told my son-in-law that he doesn't think it right for a learned man to spend so much time cooing with his wife when he should be studying the Holy Books."

"What is the trouble then?" Deenah pressed.

"The trouble? She'll become store-keeper in Lipcove. Then she'll be both mother and breadwinner. I know that story by heart."

The two women were now out of town, and silently followed the twisted path that led to the cemetery.

Finally they reached a hillside densely marked with straight lines of odd-sized grey and white stones: some seemed fresh from the stonecutter; others were sinking and crumbling. Towards the center of the hill rose a few pretentious shining marble blocks around which were grouped a dense crowd of orderly stones. Towards the edge of the hill the stones were few, small, and unpretentious—like the houses at the outskirts of the town.

"You know, Hannah—if the Fall is as good as we expect, we will be able to finish the granary we began last year," Deenah broke the thread of her neighbor's thoughts.

"And if I were you, Deenah, I would think a little more of the Hereafter."

"But what can I do for the Hereafter?" Deenah asked alarmed.

"Have you and Getzil chosen a place yet?"

"No, we haven't," Deenah answered guiltily.

"And what would you do if, the Lord forbid, you die suddenly? Your children will have the granary but are you certain they will put you in an honorable place and get a lasting stone for your grave? The present generation—who knows! Your children may even put you near the fence."

"My children are not heretics!" Deenah replied bitterly.

"I did not mean to hurt you, Deenah. But if I were you I would choose my place right now. And I would see Avrohom-Behr about a stone. And when the time comes and the Angel of Death calls you, you'll be prepared."

"And perhaps you think I didn't speak to Getzil about it? I told him a thousand times! But what has a man to fear? He'll surely go to Heaven because he studies the Holy Books. What does he worry about a sinful woman?"

The path uphill alongside the graveyard was narrow, and twisted through the sagebrush and dry grass. Deenah stepped behind Hannah and followed her silently. Though the fence was down and the way open for them to enter wherever they pleased, they proceeded towards the crest of the hill to enter through the broken gate. This was not done out of careful consideration or respect for the dead, but for the current legend that if they entered the Eternal House through any other place, the gates of Heaven would be closed to them. And, taking it for granted that the fence of heaven would not be broken and that they would be obliged to accept the painful alternative, they did not cross the graves, but ascended to the top of the hill where a dilapidated shack crouched near a moss covered gate.

When Hannah and her neighbor entered the cemetery they found a number of mourners already there. Some stood near the graves with their prayer books open in their hands, murmuring quietly; some stood stupefied in front of a fresh grave—their eyes seemingly desirous of penetrating the stone and the layer of earth that separated them from their beloved ones; others crouched on the ground, their heads resting against the tombstones, their eyes closed, and the tears occasionally rolling down their faded cheeks.

As soon as Deenah came within sight of Rissel's grave she began to wail piteously, and running towards it, threw herself on the ground near the grave. The tears came to Hannah's eyes and she quickly turned away.

After dryly petitioning her numerous relatives-in-law, Hannah approached her husband's grave. Slowly she read all that was written on the face of the tombstone, absent-mindedly calculating the number of years since her husband's death. In the midst of her calculations she suddenly noticed that the stone tablet was somewhat tilted and sinking into the ground. Hannah was greatly aggravated. She knelt down and digging her finger into the earth along the sinking stone, decided to see Avrohom-Behr and arrange that the stone be lifted and properly supported. As she slowly rose from the ground her glance wandered across her husband's grave—Hannah's heart quivered! She quickly turned her eyes away from the vacant lot in the Women's Row, and opening her book, began to read.

Hannah closed her eyes and began to think of the nearing end. Her life suddenly seemed to her so brief. Only yesterday she was young. Yesterday? Less than that! "I have dreamt a dream and I do not know what it means . . ."

Hannah suddenly remembered that she was sinning in her thoughts against Him who creates everything—Who knows the Why of everything.

"O Great and Good God, forgive my thoughts. Who am I to ask questions? I am but a worm in the dust, and Thou canst do with me as Thou pleassest! Have mercy on me—" she murmured as she re-opened her prayer book.

But as she prayed her eyes again wandered across the vacant lot, and her heart was disturbed. She raised her voice in the praises to God—as if desiring to drown her thoughts. But in vain. Behind her, in front of her, and everywhere were the graves: the crumbling monuments of the Past—the remains of all the splendor that had been before her.

"Dust unto dust," the thought tortured her. "I, and my children—just as was with all these before us—"

Frightened at the persistence of the thoughts Hannah knew to be punishable with eternal damnation, she lowered her eyes to the Mahnah Loshon and began to wail:

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer . . . I have always set the Lord before me . . . Preserve me, O God; for I have placed my trust in Thee . . ."

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer . . . Preserve me, O God; for I have placed my trust in thee . . . I have always set the Lord before me . . ."

The End



# Across the Seas

THE first meeting of the Grand Lodge of Great Britain and Ireland, which District recently was organized, was held in London, July 4th.

The convention considered the matter of recruiting Jewish youth, particularly university students, into the service of the Jewish community.

Plans for combatting anti-Semitism by means of popular lectures on Jewish history and literature and by publications on Jews and Judaism, were discussed. This work would be done prior to actual manifestations of anti-Semitism, and thus be preventive rather than retaliatory.

The convention also took under consideration a recommendation that the Order institute a pilgrimage to Palestine, and discussed means of providing scientific literature for the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

\* \* \*

THE education of youth, social service and peace were the keynotes of a recent meeting of the District Lodge of Czechoslovakia.

A resolution was adopted urging the lodges to aid all non-political youth organizations and to establish such societies in their respective communities.

The lodges were further urged to work for the federation of various social agencies in their cities. The Central Jewish Social Agency of Czechoslovakia was pledged the financial assistance of the District Grand Lodge.

Another resolution provided that the lodges further the peace movement through lectures, discussions and subventions. Every brother, according to this resolution, is obliged to be an active member of some peace organization, and the lodges are required to outline a program of pacifism for affiliated youth societies.

\* \* \*

AT THE conclusion of its fifteenth anniversary, celebrated this year, the Constantinople Lodge gave a survey of its principal activities since its inception. During the war, the lodge maintained soup kitchens and orphanages, and established a Jewish High School which today is recognized as a leading institution of learning in Constantinople.

\* \* \*

IN HIS annual report, Salis Daiches, president of the Dr. Salis Daiches Lodge, Edinburgh, Scotland, outlines some of the activities of the organization during the past year.

As a result of an address before the lodge by Dr. George G. Chisholm, chairman of the Edinburgh Branch of the League of Nations Union, a Jewish Branch of the League of Nations Union has been formed in that city.

The Edinburgh Jewish Literary Society has been revived under the leadership of the lodge.

The Edinburgh Zionist Society, which had become defunct, was re-established at a meeting convened by the lodge. The lodge sent a representative to be present at the opening of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and aided in financial relief of Jews of Damascus made destitute by the Druze bombardment.

\* \* \*

AS a memorial to its late member and former president Frederick Spiers, the First Lodge of England is raising a fund with which to establish prizes at the Union of Hebrew and Religion Classes and the Technical Institute at Haifa, and which will be used to support lectures or publications on subjects that interested Mr. Spiers. During his lifetime, he devoted himself especially to certain aspects of Judaism as related to science.

\* \* \*

THE Lodge in Cairo recently entertained a number of Hebrew educators who gathered in that city to study the Egyptian school system. The leaders were received by King Fuad.

\* \* \*

RESCUE of small Jewish merchants and artisans of Poland who are suffering because of the economic crisis, is planned by Humanitas Lodge, of Przemyśl, Poland, in a comprehensive movement which has been put under way.

With the aid of the Woman's Auxiliary, further aid for undernourished children has been undertaken.

\* \* \*

THE sum of 100,000 Czech kronen has been donated to the library of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, by the B'nai B'rith Lodge at Prague.

\* \* \*

THE General Secretary of District Lodge No. XI, with headquarters in Constantinople, serves as contact man among Bulgarian, Greek, Yugoslavik, Syrian, Egyptian and Palestinian Lodges. Thus the lodges are brought into personal relationship with each other and are afforded an opportunity to share their common problems.

A PLAN that would enable German lodges to help themselves without appealing to American B'nai B'rith for financial assistance, was discussed at a recent meeting of the Business Committee of Grand Lodge No. VIII, at Breslau. Grand President Rabbi Baeck favored the establishment of loan associations by and for the individual lodges instead of an alternate proposal to seek American credit.

Among a number of resolutions adopted by the Committee was one proposing that "in cases of discord among the brethren, which are not purely of a business character, the parties in dispute must appeal to the Peace Committee of the lodge of which they are members before having recourse to the Courts."

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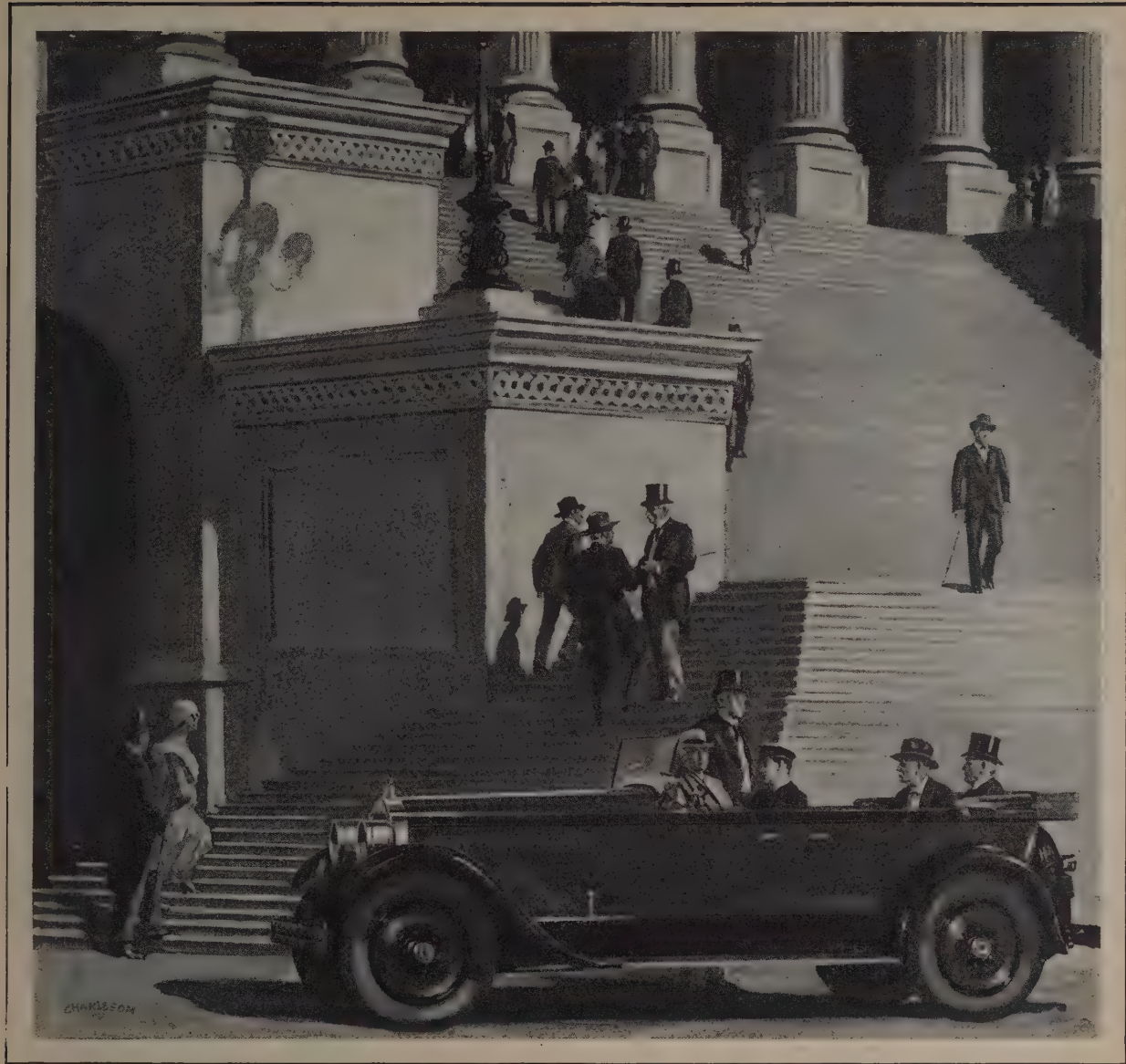
The Austrian Lodge "Eintracht" maintains a Home where 40 boys and 53 girls are cared for during the day after their school hours. They are fed, their play is directed, their school lessons are prepared under supervision, the boys are taught Manual Training, the girls needle work and sewing, and the lodge provides them with clothing whenever possible. When their school years are over they are apprenticed to a trade.

Another institution maintained by this lodge is the "Sonntagsheim" for sickly Jewish children before they reach school age. The children lead an open air life, their play and occupation are supervised, their health is looked after constantly, and an excellent table is provided for them.

The Eintracht Lodge supervises also an Orphan Asylum, which was founded through an endowment, and during the last year 54 children were supported in this institution. One-third of this number were supported by the original endowment, and the remainder by the lodge. The health of the children is unusually good. Although most of them were suffering from malnutrition when they entered the institution, yet, due to the wholesome and well-prepared food and the hygienic supervision given them, they soon recovered and gained considerably in weight.

The above are some of the institutions maintained directly by the lodge. To many others, not founded by the lodge, financial support is given.





## *Serving America's Aristocracy.*

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### Spiteful Train

A MAN rushed on to the platform of a railroad station just as his train was pulling out.

"Chochem! Smart aleck!" the man shouted, shaking his fist at the departing train.

### He's Still Riding

YANKEL was on board a train bound for California. Suddenly, he looked from the window, and, clasp ing his head in his hands, began to moan "Ai, ai, ai, ai!"

All that day the wail continued, and during the night, fellow-passengers heard Yankel moaning in his berth without cessation.

All the next day and night, even unto the third day, Yankel's "Ai, ai, ai," rang through the car.

Finally, the lament began to get on one of the passengers' nerves. He ap proached Yankel and said:

"My dear fellow, something seems to be wrong. What is the matter?"

"Wrong?" Yankel answered, "three days already I'm riding on the wrong train. Ai, ai, ai, ai ai!"

### Disguise

"YOU speak English because you want people to think you are not a Jew," said one New Yorker to another. "But the way you speak it dis closes your identity at once. I advise you to speak Hebrew, because the way you do it, I am sure that even the Jews will not suspect you are one of them."

### Compensation

"DID you hear my 'zoras'?" a store keeper said to his friend. "My cashier ran away with my money and my daughter."

"Have you notified the police?" the friend inquired.

"No, because already he has repented and is repaying me," the storekeeper answered.

"How much has he sent you?" the friend questioned.

"Well, so far he has sent me back my daughter," was the answer.

*IT is characteristic that con tained within the thoughtfulness and lament of the Jew, is a subtle undertone of the comic. And so it is fitting that we close each of our issues with a page of Jewish humor.*

*The purpose of this page is not only to entertain, but also to give our readers an opportunity to sing the lighter notes that are in the Jewish heart. That is why we invite contributions to "Humoresque."*

*We make a little game of it. To each of the contributors of the best jokes each month, we offer the choice of a book from a se lected list.*

*William J. Bennett, of Bend, Oregon, is the lone winner this month.*

*Address Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, Electric Building, Cin cinnati.*

### And Why Not?

THE doctor called and left the sick man seven pills, one to be taken each day for a week.

Next day, the patient visited the doctor's office.

"Doctor," he said, "I was sick only one day. Here are the six pills that were left. Can't you give me a credit memorandum for them?"

### It Doesn't Matter

SCHADCHEN said to a young man: "I have a fine girl for you. She is very beautiful, only she has no dowry."

"That doesn't matter," answered the prospect.

"And to state what you might think is another objection, she is a little deaf in one ear," the schadchen continued.

"Nor does that matter," the young man replied.

"I want to be honest with you, so I'll tell you all," the schadchen went

on, "she limps in the right foot, is near-sighted in the left eye and is just a little bit hunchbacked."

"All that does not matter in the least," the young man responded.

"Very well," answered the schad chen, "when will you come to see the girl?"

"Did I say I intended to see her?" the young man replied. "I said, 'It didn't matter' and sure enough it doesn't, because I am not going to get married anyhow."

### Equity

A MAN once came to a Rabbi say ing: "Rabbi, I have a claim against God. I had a wife and ten thousand rubles. So what do you sup pose God does? He deprives me first of my ten thousand rubles and then of my wife. Why couldn't He have done it this way: First take my wife, because with ten thousand rubles I could easily get another wife who has ten thousand rubles nadan. Then He could have deprived me of my original ten thousand rubles which would have left me with a wife and ten thousand rubles. Then He also would have had a wife and ten thousand rubles."

### But the Corpse was Reticent

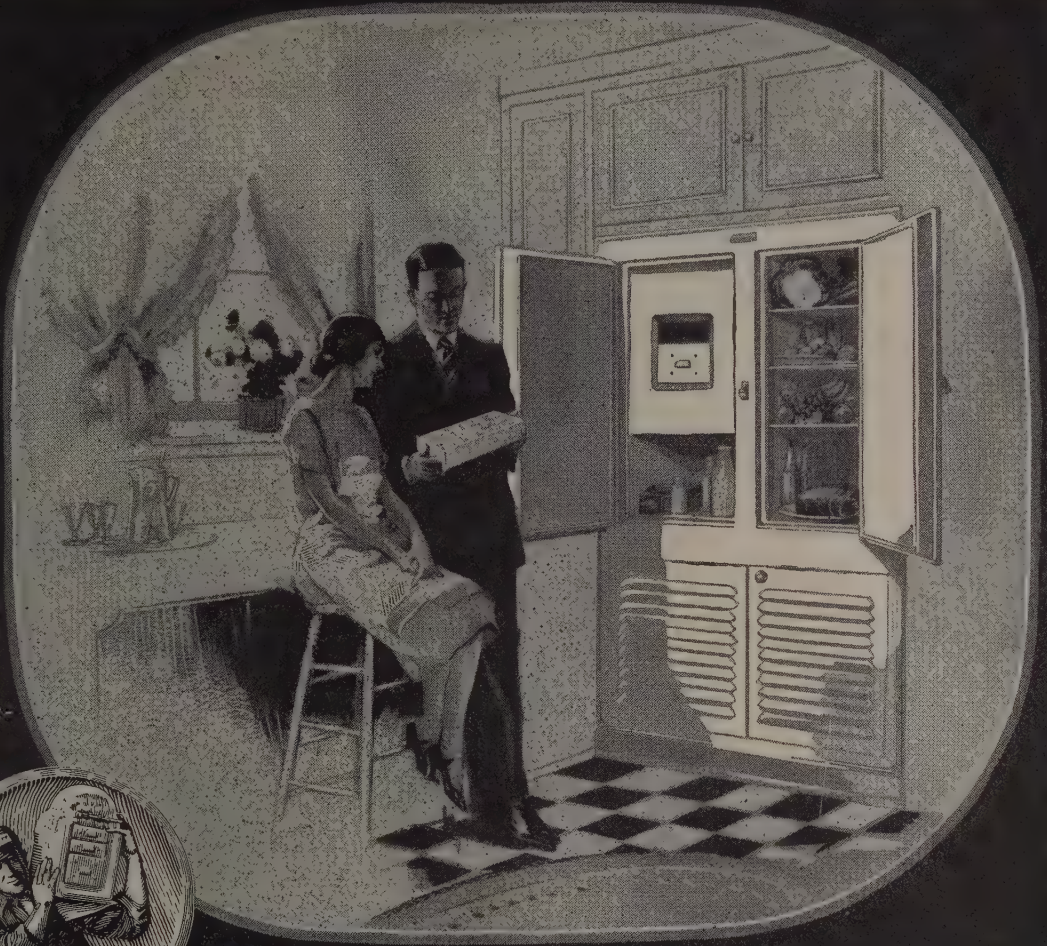
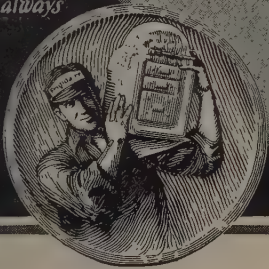
"WHAT identification can you offer to prove that this is the body of your husband," said the coroner of Vilna to a bereaved woman who had come to the morgue.

"My husband stammered," the woman answered.





*This modern  
ice man  
calls once ~  
with Frigidaire ~  
and the ice  
stays always*



## Be Sure it is a Frigidaire!

**T**HERE are now more than two hundred thousand users of Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration. And these users are telling their friends and neighbors that Frigidaire has brought to their homes and places of business a measure of convenience and economy unequalled by anything they have ever known.

You have heard of Frigidaire—of the constant, dependable and economical service it renders, of the better way in which it keeps all foods,

of the convenience of the ice it makes and the desserts it freezes.

You are probably thinking now of electric refrigeration for your own home. Be sure, when you do buy, that you get a genuine Frigidaire. Look for the name itself—you'll find it on every Frigidaire. It identifies the product of General Motors. It is your assurance that you will enjoy the combined advantages which only Frigidaire can give.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dept. Z-5, DAYTON, OHIO

# Frigidaire

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

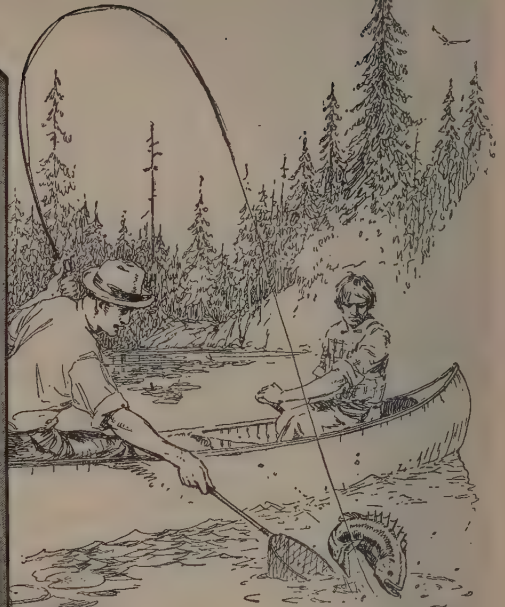
**BE SURE IT IS A FRIGIDAIRE ~ PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS**

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

There is a wide range of Frigidaires built complete with metal cabinet, finished in white Duco, lined with seamless porcelain enamel. They are priced as low as \$245. Frigidaire mechanical units for installation in the standard makes of ice-boxes, as low as \$190. All prices f.o.b. Dayton. Any Frigidaire may be purchased on the GMAC deferred payment plan.



H



### *Chef Amiet's Recipe for Black Bass Palmer*

Try this delicious recipe from a famous American hostelry. Courtesy Chef E. E. Amiet, Palmer House, Chicago.

**Scale.** Trim off fins of a three-pound Black Bass. Wipe thoroughly.

Cut in julienne two fresh mushrooms, a carrot, a few branches of celery.

Place in a saute pan with two ounces of butter and cook slowly for about five minutes.

Lay Bass on top, season with salt and pepper, add two gills of hot tomato sauce, and the juice of one lemon.

Cover this with buttered paper.

Boil about five minutes on top of range, then set in slow oven for twenty-five minutes.


Remove from oven, take off paper and dress Bass on a hot dish. Give sauce one more boil, pour it over fish and sprinkle a few chopped chives over top. Serve.

## *Fashion Decrees GLASSWARE for the Table*

Whether it be when you serve that long looked-for fish dinner, celebrating his triumphant return from waters where the Bass were big, bold and baffling—or no matter what the occasion—*fashion decrees glassware for the table.*

Truly, *glassware* has never been so much in vogue as today. *Glassware* now always dominates all other appointments on the table that reflects discriminating taste.

If you might come to Newark and see how and where Heisey creations have been fashioned with such scrupulous care for several generations, you would surely realize why it is that *glassware* which represents this name has won unique distinction for *quality* in homes where only the best is desired.

Certain it is that Heisey's Diamond H on Glassware is regarded as the symbol of quality, both by the public and the trade. You can always identify Heisey products by the  trade mark. Look for this when your dealer shows you glassware. Ask to see the new Moon Gleam and Flamingo colors. Write us at once for free booklet "Fifteen Favorite Recipes from Famous Chefs."

A. H. HEISEY & COMPANY  
NEWARK, OHIO

**Dealers:** If you are not already selling Heisey Glassware, write us right away.

# HEISEY'S

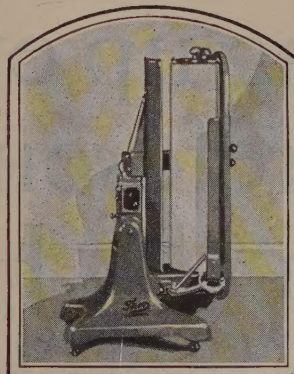
GLASSWARE *for your Table,*







*With the Thor Folding Ironer you can put an entire skirt over the roll, as on an ironing board, to iron or PRESS in a jiffy.*



*It folds and rolls into a closet or corner, occupying a space of only 22 x 26 inches.*

# Save Time

Iron the new, modern way. Use a Thor Folding Ironer. You merely sit before it *restfully*, in a comfortable chair, and guide the pieces through. It irons a full size table cloth in five minutes; a man's shirt in four minutes.

The Thor is so simple and easy to use that a child can iron beautifully with it and finish everything in your whole week's wash in a fraction of the time it takes by hand. Then it folds out of the way.

The Thor is so compact it fits anywhere. Roll it

easily, on its large casters, to the most cheerful, convenient spot in your home and connect it to any electric convenience outlet. It is as economical as hand ironing. Why then should any modern home be without this modern saver of time and strength!

The Thor Folding Ironer is guaranteed, and is sold on very easy terms. Try it yourself at your nearest dealers—or write us direct for literature and full information. (Please mention B'nai B'rith.)

DEALERS: The new Thor Folding Ironer is the fastest selling ironer made. The field is almost unlimited and sales are increasing by leaps and bounds. Send for our attractive proposition. Mention B'nai B'rith.

ELECTRIC HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES CORP.

(FORMERLY HURLEY MACHINE CO.)

600 West Jackson Blvd., Dept. 711, Chicago, Illinois

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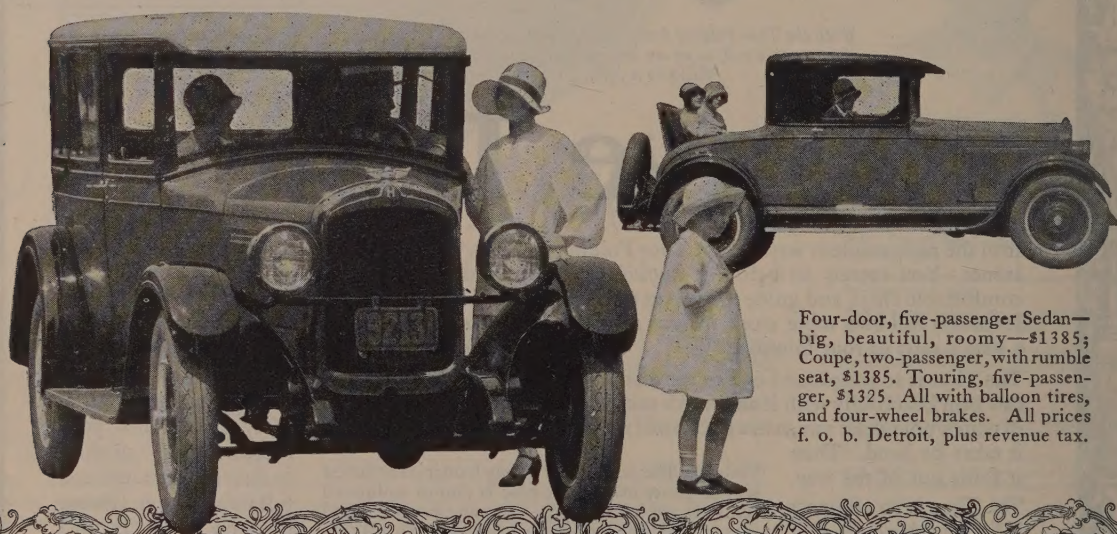
# Thor Folding Ironer

AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.



The beauty, the size, the surpassing performance, the superior value at the price—these tell why this Six is rolling up everywhere a buyer-preference without parallel in all Hupmobile history.



Four-door, five-passenger Sedan—big, beautiful, roomy—\$1385; Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, \$1385. Touring, five-passenger, \$1325. All with balloon tires, and four-wheel brakes. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.



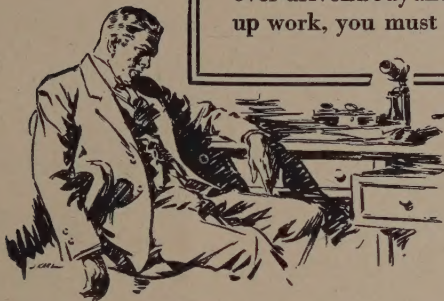
# HUPMOBILE

## *Six*

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.



Beware that blank wall that sooner or later faces all vigorous, intense workers. If accomplishment of your day's duties is becoming increasingly difficult, don't lash your already over-driven body and mind. To speed up work, you must speed up sleep.



## Before you lose your grip

You must avoid those silently anxious, those heart-breaking hours in bed when sleep won't come. And until your bed is cushioned by the famous Simmons *Ace* spring, you will have no idea of how much peace and contentment its luxurious ease will give you.

Here is an amazingly different spring, a scientifically constructed cushion for your body. The new sense of power, the superb vitality and alertness that *Ace* sleep brings, is truly wonderful.

For that, credit the spring-tying of the 99 deep main spirals at their

centers as well as their tops. And thank the patented Simmons stabilizers that allow no creaking sidesway to disturb your deep repose. For its big value, be grateful to the millions whose purchases have made Simmons the world's largest maker of beds and bedding.

Simmons recommends the new *Beautyrest* mattress to complete the comfort that coaxes every nerve and muscle to relax into restoring rest. At \$39.50\*, *Beautyrest* is as great a value as *The Ace* at \$19.75\*. Any furniture or department store can supply you.

**\$19.75\***

THE SIMMONS COMPANY - New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco



Lie in any position. Your every contour is met with gentle though firm support. Study these diagrams, drawn from photos.

\*NOTE: Freight rates make prices slightly higher in the South and also west of the Missouri River.

Notice how the 99 deep main spirals are spring-tied at both top and center by 302 lively coils.

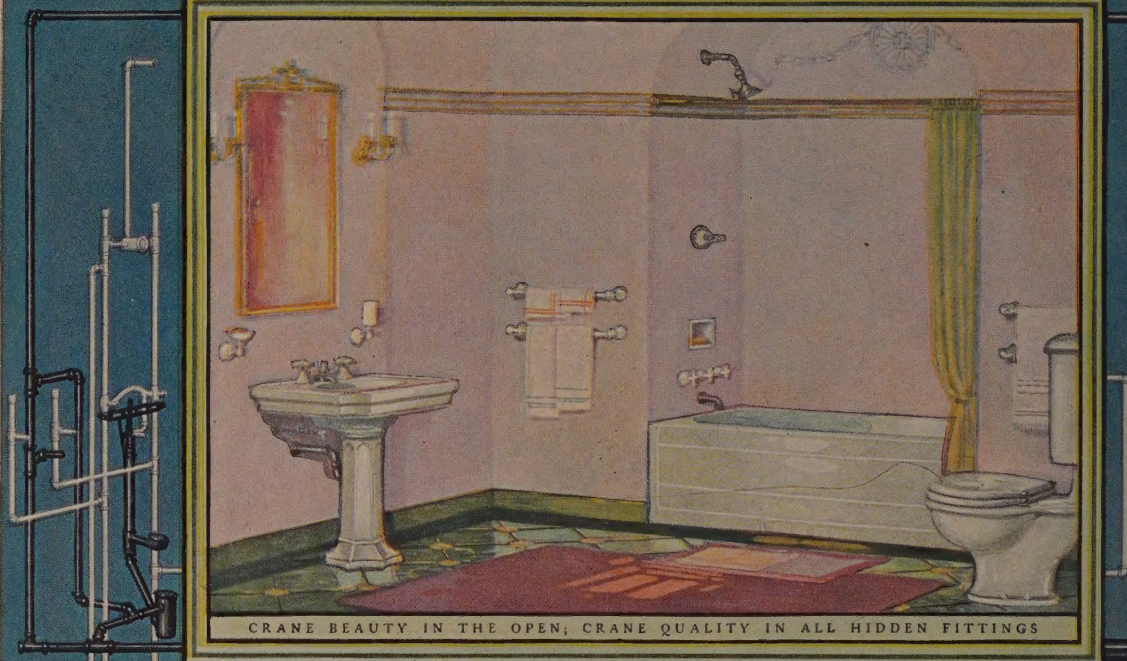
At both sides Simmons patented stabilizers eliminate sidesway and sagging. Rounded frame cannot tear the bedclothes.

**SIMMONS**  
*Ace* Bed Spring  
"Built for Sleep"



Remember: One-third of your life is spent in bed.





Design, arrangement and alluring color all unite to bring beauty and value into the newest bathrooms. Floor plans make the most of actual space. Fixtures are chosen for their intrinsic charm and comfort. Soft tints illumine the walls and floors.

In this Georgian scheme, the *Corwith* bath is set in an alcove borrowed from closets in the bedroom next door. An arch squares the ceiling;

it is repeated in the recessed panel behind the *Elegia* lavatory. Modeled in flat planes, the lustrous white surfaces of the fixtures reflect the greens of walls and floor. The hinged mirror hides a toilet cabinet.

Beauty and comfort are brought within reach of all by Crane plumbing and heating fixtures, valves and fittings, sold by contractors everywhere. Write for "New Ideas in Bathrooms."

# CRANE

Address all inquiries to Crane Co., Chicago

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Fifty-five Cities

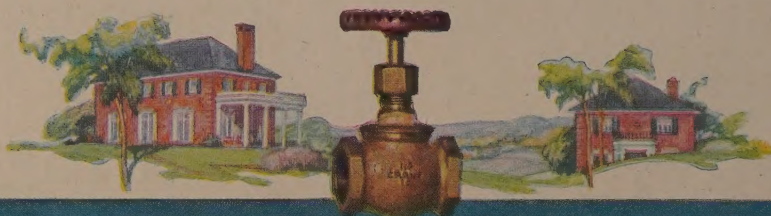
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